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From a Photograph by White, N. Y.

Frederick Tyrone Power

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LIVES OF THE PLAYERS

TYRONE POWER

BY

WILLIAM WINTER

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

"It is difficult to render even ordinary justice to living merit without incurring the suspicion of being influenced by partiality, or by motives of a less honorable nature. Yet, as what I shall say of this gentleman, whose friendship I have enjoyed for many years, and still possess in unabated cordiality, will be supported by all who are acquainted with him, I am under no apprehension of suffering by the suggestions of malice."

—JOHN TAYLOR.

NEW YORK
MOFFAT, YARD AND COMPANY
1913

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Published, February, 1913

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PREFACE

This book contains the first of a Series of LIVES OF THE PLAYERS *which I have undertaken to write, with the design of recording and commemorating, chiefly if not exclusively, the achievements of important actors now living. I have chosen* TYRONE POWER *as the subject of the first of these projected biographies because his life has been one of exceptionally interesting adventure, in some respects as romantic as even that of Edmund Kean,—and for the still more persuasive reason that the example provided by his resolute perseverance against many and stalwart obstacles and his patient endurance of much and grievous hardship and disappointment has enlisted my sympathy as one that is worthy to be commended to respect and emulation. Inquiry and observance relative to his career have shown me that he has continuously cherished a high ideal of the actor's art, and sedulously wished and labored to do fine things, to merit a high rank, to dignify the Theatre, and to benefit Society, and therefore I believe him to be one of the actors of this transitional period who especially deserve to be cheered, encouraged, and celebrated.*

There are a few actors on our Stage at this time who occupy a more conspicuous position than Tyrone Power has yet obtained, but there is no contemporary actor who, by integrity of artistic purpose, steadfast devotion to a noble ideal, self-sacrifice for the sake of being right and doing right in the pursuit of his vocation, and furthermore by splendid acting, has shown himself better entitled to sympathetic recognition and practical public acclaim. He has yet to prove his incontestable right to be enrolled with

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the great tragedians of an earlier generation, not yet forgotten, but he has already accomplished enough to prove that he is an actor of the artistic lineage of Forrest, Brooke, Dillon, Edwin Booth, Barrett, and John McCullough,—possessing, indeed, an individuality distinct from that of either of those leaders, but endowed with faculties and animated by a spirit much the same as theirs, and naturally qualified for conquest in the same field in which they gained their great renown. In suitability to heroic character, in vital humanity, and in robust style his acting has shown him to be closely akin to McCullough, and no indication of nature could be more auspicious than that.

I believe that Tyrone Power will justify my conviction of his worth and my confident expectation of his triumph. If my belief is well founded this book may perhaps help to smooth a thorny path. If not, at least it is a slight contribution to the history of our Stage. In the composition of it I have been prompted by the same impulse of kindness and the same sense of justice that prompted me, many years ago, to write my first LIFE OF JOSEPH JEFFERSON, *my story of* EDWIN BOOTH IN TWELVE DRAMATIC CHARACTERS, *my* STAGE LIFE OF MARY ANDERSON, *and other kindred works, and I should be glad indeed if the pen which helped those players, in other and distant days, should again be serviceable to an authentic actor in Legitimate Drama, and at a time when Legitimate Drama imperatively needs all the support which it can possibly obtain.*

W. W.

New Brighton, Staten Island, N. Y.
January 15, 1913.

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UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

TYRONE POWER.

PARENTAL OPPOSITION.

THE pertinacity with which Age, while living its own life, persists in striving to live also the life of Youth, interfering with the young and embarrassing their activity, though sometimes it proves advantageous, is more often the cause of painful conflict and deep discontent. Biography presents many examples of injudicious opposition, by parents or guardians,—over-confident in their vaunted experience,—to the natural and rightful ambitions and endeavors of beginners in life. Thoughtful counsel should always be considered by young persons who are entering on pathways of action which as yet are strange to them, but there comes a time when the acquisition of experience should be left to the individual. Parents do well to advise, but their sons and daughters must live their own lives: their parents cannot do it for

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them. Young aspirants for success on the stage have, in particular, often met with irrational, embittering opposition, at the outset, which, if it had been allowed to prevail, would have stayed the development of valuable talents and deprived society of much benefit. Charles Kean, because he refused to become a cadet in the service of the East India Company, and, instead, chose to be an actor, was disowned by his angry father, the renowned Edmund Kean, who might have made his way smooth, from the first. Edwin Booth, whose natural propensity for Acting early became obvious, was discouraged by his father, the eminent Junius Brutus Booth, who earnestly wished to debar him from that pursuit,—in which, eventually, he became illustrious. Mary Anderson, whose genius turned as naturally toward the Stage as a flower turns toward the sunlight, and who became one of the noblest and loveliest figures in the Theatre of her time, was, at first, opposed by her affectionate, solicitous mother, when wishing to become an actress, and later was solemnly and sternly

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opposed by her loved and revered guardian, Father Anton, a Roman Catholic priest, who abhorred the Theatre, and whose harsh, unforgiving disapprobation of her choice embarrassed her progress and caused her deep and lasting grief. Richard Mansfield, when, as a boy, he ventured to participate in a private theatrical performance, was contemptuously declared by his mother, the eccentric Mme. Rudersdorf, to be "making a fool of himself"; and when, later, he formally adopted the Theatre as a profession was discarded by her, deprived of an allowance for his support, and abandoned, to beg or starve, as the case might be, in that vast city of London which, to a person without money, is indeed a wilderness. "My mother," said Mansfield, "abused me in seven languages, of all of which she was mistress." Yet Mme. Rudersdorf, long eminent as a public singer and performer, had lived by means of the Stage, and she owed everything to it. Those are only a few of the notable examples which might be cited of unwise opposition, at a critical time, to the intellectual propensity of

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budding talent. In each case it caused much needless trouble and sorrow, but in neither case did it cause such afflicting hardship as resulted from it to the subject of this brief memoir, an actor who, at this time, in the field of Shakespearean and Legitimate Drama, is the chief hope of the American Stage—TYRONE POWER.

THE ELDER TYRONE POWER.

Frederick Tyrone Power, born in London May 2, 1869, is of dramatic lineage, his grandfather and his father and mother having been members of the dramatic profession. His grandfather, Tyrone Power, the Elder (1795-1841), famous, in his day, in the line of acting signified by such parts as *Murtoch Delany, Dennis Brulgruddery, Phelim O'Flannigan, Captain O'Cutter, Major O'Flaherty, Tim Moore, Foigard, Rory O'More,* and *Sir Lucius O'Trigger,* was esteemed by his contemporaries as fully the equal of "Jack" Johnstone and even of Charles Connor,—the latter of whom had been regarded as perfection in Irish

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Drama,—and there is every reason to believe he was the best impersonator of Irish gentlemen and droll Irish peasants that the modern Stage has known. The elder Tyrone Power made three visits to America,—the first in 1833, the second in 1836-'37, the third in 1840-'41,—acting in many cities and prospering in all, so that he accumulated a considerable fortune. Of his first visit he wrote a particular account, partly narrative and partly diary, covering the months from July 16, 1833, to July 14, 1835, which was published (in this country by Messrs. Carey, Lea & Blanchard), in 1836, in two volumes, under the title of "Impressions of America." His first voyage, from Liverpool to New York, made in the "steam-packet" Europe, occupied thirty-five days.

Power's first appearance in this country was made at the old Park Theatre, New York, on August 28, 1833, on which occasion he acted *Sir Patrick O'Plenipo,* in James Kenney's comedy of "The Irish Ambassador," and also appeared in "Teddy the Tiler." His success was decisive. On September 6 he appeared

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as *McShane,* in "The Nervous Man," which was then first acted in America. "In all of these characters," says Ireland, mentioning *Brulgruddery, Major O'Flaherty, Paudeen O'Rafferty,* and *McShane,* "Mr. Power made so great an impression that he entirely eclipsed all predecessors in the assumption of Irish character, and rendered it an impossibility as yet [1860] for any successors to be called his equal."

Tyrone Power, the Elder, was born in the county of Waterford, Ireland, on November 2, 1795. Ireland gives the year as 1797, but, as nearly as I can ascertain, the former date is the correct one. His father died soon afterward. His widowed mother, with her children, then removed into Wales and settled near Cardiff. Tyrone's first attempt at acting was made in the not distant town of Monmouth, in 1811, when, as a member of a strolling company, he appeared as *Orlando,* in "As You Like It." His youthful fancy for the dramatic profession appears to have been enkindled in part by emulation, in part by the laughing blue eyes of an unusually pretty girl who appeared

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From an Old Steel Engraving

THE ELDER TYRONE POWER

(1795-1841)

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as *Rosalind.* Ireland, overlooking this early attempt, says that he "made his first histrionic attempt in the Isle of Wight, in 1815, as *Alonzo,* in 'Pizarro.'" That performance was given at Newport, in the Isle of Wight, under the management of Henry Thornton and his partner, Ford.

Soon after his juvenile attempt at acting young Power gave up the stage, at his mother's wish, and accepted an appointment in the British commissariat service, in South Africa, where he remained for a considerable time, but on his return to England he formally adopted the stage, attempting characters in high and light comedy and in tragedy. Among the parts he then assumed were *Mercutio, Benedick, Young Rapid,* and *Charles Surface.* He was not successful. Ireland says:

"... In 1817 he opened in Dublin as *Romeo* and *Jeremy Diddler.* In 1818 he retired until 1822, when he made his first appearance in London, at the Olympic Theatre, and subsequently played at Arnold's Opera House, the Lyceum, the Adelphi, and Covent Garden, where he made his *début* as *Rolando,* in 'The Honey-

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moon,' and where, in 1827, he first played an original Irish character—viz., *O'Shaughnessy*, in Peake's farce of 'The £100 Note,' with such *éclat* that his fame was established as the only legitimate representative of an Irishman on the British Stage, though it was not until his absence in America revealed to the public how far superior he was to every Hibernian competitor that he rose to that high pitch of popular esteem and favor with which he was overwhelmed on his return, and which ever after continued to attend him. . . .

"Mr. Power was about five feet, eight inches, in height, with light hair and complexion, blue eyes, and a neat, compact figure, inclining to stoutness. His mercurial temperament, his genial but refined humor, the merry twinkle of his eye, the rich tones of his voice, his skill in music, the grace and heartiness of his dancing, his happy variations of *brogue* to the different shades of character he represented—in fact, every requisite that nature and art could bestow, combined to make him the most perfect comedian of his class ever known on the American Stage, while his personal character, so far as we have been informed, commanded the respect of all."

Power was a versatile writer and, besides many contributions to the periodicals of his time and his "Impressions of America," he wrote and published two novels, "The King's

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Secret" and "The Lost Heir," and, among others, the plays of "St. Patrick's Eve," "The Married Lovers," "Etiquette Run Mad," "How to Pay the Rent," "Paddy Carey," and "O'Flanagan and the Fairies." His last appearances on the stage occurred at the Park Theatre, New York, March 9, 1841, as *Gerald Pepper,* in "The White Horse of the Peppers," and as *Morgan Rattler,* in his own play of "How to Pay the Rent."

On March 11, 1841, in company with a much prized comrade, Lord Fitzroy George Charles Lennox, Tyrone Power, the Elder, sailed from New York, aboard the steamer President, Captain M. M. Keen commanding, bound for Liverpool. The ship was overtaken, on the night of March 13, by a terrific tempest, and she never came to land. Power had been entreated by Edwin Forrest, the tragedian, who was one of his ardent admirers, not to trust himself aboard that vessel, but the comedian smiled at his friend's presentiment of disaster, and persisted in undertaking the voyage. The President, a vessel of 1,600 tons burden, had

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crossed the Atlantic three times; she was 273 feet long; in that period she was regarded as the "huge Atlantic steamer," "that gigantic vessel"; she had proved seaworthy, and there seemed no reason to expect for her anything more than the usual and inevitable dangers of navigation. Power's comrade,—who, indeed, had postponed his home-going in order to accompany the actor, naturally desirous of such genial companionship,—earnestly urged him to embark. But Forrest's sombre presentiment was justified. It is probable that the ship foundered not far beyond Nantucket Shoals. She is said to have been "spoken" on the morning of the 12th by the ship Orpheus, Captain Cole, New York for Liverpool,—and was never seen or heard of again. 123 persons perished in her loss. Lennox, a lieutenant in the British military service, and in only his twenty-first year, was the second son of the Duke of Richmond, the fifth bearer of that title, and thus a descendant of King Charles the Second. The bereaved Duke, remembering his son's attachment to Power, afterward evinced practical

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good-will toward the dead comedian's family, and it was in consequence of his recommendation that the eldest son, William, was given a commission in the Army by Lord Melbourne, then Prime Minister.

MR. AND MRS. HAROLD POWER.

Tyrone Power, early in life, had made a happy marriage, wedding Miss Gilbert, daughter of W. J. Gilbert, Esquire, of Newport, Monmouthshire, Wales. Their family comprised four boys and four girls. William Tyrone Power prospered in his military vocation. He was first stationed at Gibraltar; he served through the Crimean War, and ultimately he was knighted by Queen Victoria. Maurice, who adopted the Stage, but was not successful, died, at Bath, England, September 1, 1849. The interest of Richmond, who had befriended William, was also serviceable to Frederick, who became a mining engineer and who amassed a large fortune. Harold was given an appointment in the London Post Office, and through his position there he became

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acquainted with Francis Cowley Burnand, the dramatist; George Du Maurier, the artist and novelist, and William S. Gilbert. His friendship with Gilbert was, in later life, of substantial value to him.

The good fortune which accrued to William, Frederick, and Harold Power was directly consequent on the fame of their father *as an actor,* combined with his spotless reputation as a man; yet,—such is the potent influence of snobbery,—though they had obtained advancement, position, and wealth through association with the Stage, those persons were no sooner socially established than they manifested the liveliest antipathy toward it.

Harold Power, son of the elder Tyrone, nevertheless adopted the Theatre as a profession, after his brother Maurice had failed in it, but being ashamed of the vocation appeared under the name of Harold Page. He did not make any particular mark as an actor, and eventually he and his wife (Ethel Levenu) performed in an Entertainment,—such, to some extent, as had been given first by the great

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comedian, Samuel Foote (1720?-1777), then by Charles Mathews, the Elder (1776-1835), and subsequently by his son, Charles Mathews, the Younger (1803-1878). In that they proved successful. Mr. and Mrs. Harold Power visited America in 1877 and made a remunerative tour, giving their Entertainment in many cities. Their first appearance in New York was effected on November 3, that year, at Chickering Hall. The Entertainment, styled "Mr. and Mrs. Power At Home," was composed of bits of clever acting linked by merry colloquy. It was divided into two parts. The First Part included a humorous Lecture on Lecturers, facetiously illustrating and ridiculing the varieties of prosing,—the astronomical, the statistical, the nautical, the chemical, etc.,—in which lecturers customarily indulge, and a piquant satire on Private Theatricals. The Lecture was the work of William S. Gilbert,—who had not then become famous as a dramatist,—and Harold Power; and Mr. Power delivered it fluently and effectively, without using notes or employing auxiliaries. The satire was pun-

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gently conveyed in successive impersonations of an *Old Lady,* an *Importunate Child,* and an *Impudent Parrot,* the changes from one to another being carried on with felicitous skill of mimicry and exhilarating mirthfulness of spirit, by the one performer, Mr. Power, who, incidentally, also sang a "Postilion's Song," introducing the cockney-French of an irate English traveller with specially amusing effect. The Second Part consisted of a one-act play, by W. S. Gilbert, entitled "An Old Story Retold," and in the performance of it Mrs. Power, whose animal spirits were remarkable, heartily and genially coöperated with her husband. The whole representation passed within two hours. No dependence was placed on either scenery or furniture, the stage being bare, except during the representation of the little play, the setting for which was extremely simple. I remember the occasion of the first appearance of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Power in New York as one of unalloyed pleasure. The public has seen various entertainers since that time, but none more entirely agreeable.

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OUR TYRONE.—"ORANGE RANCHING."

It was not unnatural, considering his ancestry, that Tyrone Power, the Younger (he has never used, professionally, his first name, Frederick), should evince dramatic talent and form the purpose of going on the stage; yet when he did so the consequences were such that it might have been supposed he had committed an atrocious crime. "You would have thought," —Power said to me, relating his experiences,— "that I had tried to do a murder when I said I wanted to be an actor. My uncle, Sir William, once asked me, while I was on a visit to him, in Ireland, what I meant to be when I grew up, and when I answered 'An actor!' he was mightily miffed. 'Don't ever let your Uncle Fred' (we were supposed to have great expectations from Uncle Frederick, who was very wealthy)—'Don't ever let your Uncle Fred hear you say so,—or your father, either!' Both of them *did* hear me say so, however, and I was immediately taken from school, at Dulwich College (that's where I got all the

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education I ever had), and packed off to Florida, to work on a ranch and learn the business of growing oranges. I learned a lot of things there, but nothing about oranges, and I had a sweet time,—yes, very; such a time as I'd like a son of mine to have, if I intended him to be a *pirate!*"

The foreman of the ranch in Florida on which young Power,—he was then only sixteen years of age,—was thus summarily and cruelly placed proved to be a savage, drunken brute, and the workmen employed by him were ruffians. The lad was instructed in the methods of orange culture by being made to clean the dwelling house, make up beds, scrub floors, and carry out garbage from the kitchen,—in short, by being made a menial. Worse indignities were put upon him, for when the foreman and his vile underlings found that he refused to drink whiskey they would, by way of obtaining amusement, bind him, hand and foot, force him to swallow liquor by pouring it into his mouth, and finally, when he had been made drunk, unbind and turn him loose,

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in order to make merry over his crazy behavior. Such depravity might almost seem incredible, were it not for "every day's report of wrong and outrage" and the fact that, unhappily, of all animals on earth, Man is the most capable of bestiality and has shown himself the most efficient in all manner of ferocities. Letters which the boy wrote to his relatives in England, imploring to be released from his frightful servitude, were usually intercepted, but a few of them reached their destination. "This," said Power, when relating these facts, "I afterward learned, and also that my father, saying they were 'only from Fred, wanting to come home and be an actor,' *never opened them.*" One letter which the unfortunate lad wrote, describing the treatment to which he had been subjected by the foreman of the orange ranch, a malignant wretch named Campbell, fell into the hands of that scoundrel, and was opened and read by him, whereupon he threatened to murder the writer. "I was frightened," said Power, "and I ran away, to the nearest town. Campbell followed, and found me on a pier by the water-

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side. He had a black-snake whip, and he said he would cut my lungs out of my back with it. He made a rush for me, but I dodged him, and, tripping over a loose plank in the pier, he plunged overboard. A person standing near, who knew him, immediately spoke to me, saying, 'You'd better clear out, kid; he'll murder you if he gets a-hold of you after this.' I took that advice. I 'cleared out,' and walked to St. Augustine. I had no money—nothing but the clothes I stood in."

Thus ended for Tyrone Power the episode of his apprenticeship to the orange industry. His apprenticeship to Acting might well be said to justify a remark made by Edmund Kean. That fine old actor Henry Howe, an honored veteran of Irving's dramatic company, told me that, when a boy, he applied to Kean, then resident, in broken health, at Richmond, for advice as to going on the stage. The great actor looked at him for some moments in silence, and then he said: "So you want to be an actor, —eh, Cocky? Well, Cocky, can you starve, Cocky,—can you *starve?*"

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THE STAGE AT LAST!

Power, first and last, has had an experience sufficiently close to literal starvation. In St. Augustine he found employment, at first as a waiter in a cheap eating house, thus obtaining food and lodging. Later he applied for an engagement at the Genovar Opera House, a little theatre in that city, managed by Mr. Ralph Bell. The application was favored, and, having been engaged by Mr. Bell, he made his first appearance on the stage at that theatre, late in 1886, as *Gibson,* in "The Private Secretary." His association with Mr. Bell's company lasted several weeks and was useful and agreeable, but it was not remunerative. The theatre did not prosper and the actors were seldom paid. The poor manager did, however, provide them with lodging and food. Power, while making the best of his circumstances, naturally sought to improve them, and with a view to a better engagement elsewhere he became a diligent reader of theatrical newspapers, in one of which, pres-

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ently, his attention was attracted by an advertisement worded as follows: "Wanted. Young Man to play Leading Juvenile; Good Looker, on and off; Must have Square Cut." That alluring "want" had been made public by a Dr. Hinton, of Philadelphia, manager of an obscure theatrical company, of which his wife was the leader. Power immediately addressed a letter to that manager, offering his services, to which he received a reply asking him to come to Philadelphia. Of the distance of that city from St. Augustine, being then wholly unacquainted with the country, he had no idea, and he promptly determined to make the journey on foot, but a comrade in Mr. Bell's company, to whom he mentioned the project, succeeded in convincing him, with the aid of a map, that the walk would be a long one and could not be attempted. His disappointment was grievous, and in his consequent despondency he formed the desperate resolution of enlisting in the United States Army, a resolution which he would have executed but for the counsel of the bandmaster of the garrison at St. Augustine,

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Mr. "Gus" Luders, a friendly acquaintance, to whom he had mentioned the matter, and who earnestly dissuaded him from taking such a fatal step. Mr. Luders rendered him an additional practical service by making known to several other officers the hard case of the unfortunate young actor, whereupon those generous persons made up a small "purse," to pay his fare to the North and enable him to seek the professional advancement which he so much needed.

"I bought a ticket to New York," said Power, "and arrived there, in mid-winter, wearing a straw hat and a summer suit,—such as it was! I had money enough for a meal and a railroad ticket to Philadelphia, but when I got there I was penniless. Also, having been ill of dengue fever, I was chiefly skin and bones and of a fine yellow color. Dr. Hinton lived somewhere in Broad Street, far out, and I walked more than half way across the city before I found his house. It was late in the afternoon when I rang his doorbell. The doctor himself appeared. I told him my name

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and what I wanted. He looked me up and down. 'Too young,' he said, and slammed the door in my face. There I was,—weak, hungry, pretty well discouraged, and without a cent. Night was coming on, and I didn't know what to do. I strayed about a bit, and then went into a cheap lodging place, which had a sign 'Beds, 15 Cents.' The keeper was a rough-looking chap, with a wooden leg, but he was kind. He asked me if I had any money and I told him no, and that I didn't know what to do. He let me stay, however, and sit down in a large, bare room, where a number of other men were sitting. I presently got into conversation with one of 'em,—a Frenchman, he was,—and told him my fix. 'But you are an Englishman,' he said: 'the English have a society that helps Englishmen in trouble in foreign lands. The St. George Society, they call it; you can go there.'"

BOHEMIAN DAYS.

The actor, accordingly, walked back to the central part of the city and, having found the

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headquarters of the Philadelphia branch of the St. George Society, made known his circumstances and asked for relief. "They gave me a blue ticket, for a meal, and a red one, for a lodging," he said, "and sent me off to an address about half a mile away. When I got there and presented my blue and red tickets they took me in, but before I could get a meal or a bed I must take a bath, in a public bathroom, in turn with a lot of other unfortunate chaps,—pretty queer, down-and-out sort of lot they were, poor things! It was about the most humiliating of all my experiences. I was a good deal more than glad to get the meal, though. I shall never forget the ghastly looking green-kalsomined room in which they herded us. Then a young parson came in and talked to us; a fine fellow he was! He looked at me a good deal, and after his talk he took me aside, into a corner. 'Who are you?' he asked, 'and how do you come to be *here?*' I told him. 'But *you* can't stay here; come along with me,' he said, and led me to his own quarters. He had a decent, pleasant little place,

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and I was glad to go with him. I knew that in the morning you had to work out your 'entertainment' by washing windows, scrubbing floors, sawing wood, or something of the kind, and I had had enough of that!

"The parson gave me a little wine and soon pumped my whole story out of me, and then he made me take his own bed for the night, and slept on a sofa in his study. Next day he rigged me up with some decent clothes and loaned me money enough to get over to New York and keep going for a bit. I never forgot him or his kindness. In New York I got a lodging, at the foot of Cortlandt Street, near the Hudson River. It was opposite where they put up the big chimney with the H-O sign on it. The room had no window and you couldn't reach it by stairs; you had to go up in a freight elevator; but it was a lot better than the park benches."

Power had found this queer lodging in a Cortlandt Street loft through the kindness of two old women, keepers of a cheap eating house which he had entered to buy food, who,

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From a Photograph by Sarony

TYRONE POWER, THE YOUNGER, IN 1888-'89

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seeing the youth to be sick and in trouble, became interested, questioned him, and finally told him of that refuge, in the building in which they kept their little shop. Having thus obtained a place of shelter, he went industriously in quest of employment, walking up to Union Square and back every day. A singular chance made him acquainted at that time with another gentleman as destitute as himself and also seeking for work. He had spent all, except one nickel, of the small sum loaned to him by the practical Christian in Philadelphia, when one day he went into a Third Avenue "dive" to spend that, for food. Various viands were advertised for sale, and his inclination wavered between "Hot Coffee, Five Cents" and "Hash, Five Cents." His election finally fell on coffee. When it was brought he found it too hot to be immediately swallowed. While waiting for it to cool a young man seated at a neighboring table rose and came to him.

"You're an Englishman, aren't you?" he said.

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Power answered that he was.

"So am I," said this stranger; "rather rough place this, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Power, "rather."

"I see *you've* got a cup of coffee," pursued the other.

"Well," Power replied, "I only had five cents, so I couldn't get any more."

"Well," said his new acquaintance, "*I* only had five cents, too. But I took hash. Suppose you give me half your coffee, and I'll give you half my hash."

This was agreed to, and a pleasant acquaintance was thus strangely formed. The stranger was Percival Sharpe, a writer, and a genial, clever bohemian.

"He told me," said Power, "that he was hard-up and about to be turned out of his lodging, so I asked him to come and share mine. He assented and said he had a trunk full of good clothes, at his room, near Union Square. I remember we carried that beastly thing, in our hands, all the way down to Cortlandt Street. Sharpe had some good coats and

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a lot of the most gorgeous fancy vests you ever saw. We lived on 'em for a good while. There was a little pawnbroker in the neighborhood—decent little chap as ever was—and I can see him now, coming out from his back room, putting on his spectacles, rubbing his hands, and saying, 'Goot bordinch, Bister Bower,—an' what 'ave you got fer me *dis* bordings—eh?' He always gave us fair prices."

Another chance acquaintance made by Power while resident in the Cortlandt Street loft was an actor named "Dave" Roach, at whose suggestion he applied for an engagement,—which he obtained,—in a wretched place of "amusement," in the Bowery, called the New York Museum. Performances occurred there not less than eight times a day. "I played *Claude Duval,*" the actor said, recounting this experience. "What the piece was all about I never knew: highway robbery, I suppose. We used to sit, on the bare earth, in a cellar under the stage, until a dozen or two persons came into the Museum, and then we went on and 'acted.' I wore seedy velvet clothes and had pieces of

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leather tied round my legs, for boots. When our performance seemed to be getting dull we used to chase each other across the stage, firing pistols at the ceiling (it was black with burnt powder), and chattering 'Follow-follow-follow-follow-follow!' I have nightmare sometimes, now, and wake up saying it! Our 'leading lady,' an immense, fat creature, died in my arms every performance, and when she fell on her thin *Duval* she nearly capsized him,—our pianist, a poor consumptive, at the same time always playing, by way of accompaniment, 'Flee Like a Bird.' I stood that for a week, and then, not being paid, I did 'flee like a bird,' and never returned to the place."

Power's next engagement, secured through the agency of Jacob Spies, was with a travelling company, managed by E. L. Duane, giving performances in little towns of Pennsylvania, New England, and New York. He joined it in mid-winter. His circumstances were still necessitous, and he was poorly provided with clothing. It had been arranged that he was to join Mr. Duane at a place in the interior of

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the State of New York, but by mistake he went to the wrong town, arriving there after his employer and the company had departed. He lodged at a cheap hotel, remaining over night. He had no money and was obliged to explain his predicament to the hotel-keeper. "All right, son," said this kindly person; "I'll stake you to the dollar you owe me and a ticket to go on and join your troupe." This favor was gratefully accepted, and later it was repaid. Power joined the Duane company, at a railroad junction, and proceeded with it. "I had no overcoat,"—so he related,—"and the seat of my old trousers was worn through, so when we reached the town where we were to play I took care to let the other members of the company precede me from the train and station. I had a quarter left from the hotel-keeper's loan, and I bolted into a tailor's shop, where a little German agreed to patch my trousers for that. I wrapped my legs in newspapers and stayed near his stove while he did it. Then I went to rehearsal. I knew what was coming, but I didn't care. I was to play leading juvenile

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business, opening as *André,* in 'The Pearl of Savoy.' I wish you could have heard the shriek that company gave, the first time I turned and went 'up-stage': my friend the tailor had mended the seat of my black trousers with two patches, each the size of a dollar, of bright blue cloth, from a soldier's overcoat. The effect was striking, I assure you!"

"A FIRST OLD MAN."

Among his new associates the young actor found friends. Poverty and the shifts to which it drives its victims are familiar to the strolling player, and, as often noticed, the poor are kind to the poor. Some of Power's fellow actors lent him garments and "make-up," and the women of the company made a square-cut coat for him, and other pieces of necessary stage apparel out of canton flannel. He remained till the close of the season with Duane's "barn-stormers" and acted in a variety of plays. A somewhat more remunerative engagement for him followed, with the Kitty Rhoades Repertory

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From a Photograph *Courtesy of George Power, Esq.*

TYRONE POWER AS *PHINEAS BOUNCER*, IN
"THE LIFE OF AN ACTRESS"

"Ah, there's a bill!"

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Company, and he made considerable artistic progress, acting in many dramas,—among them "The Life of an Actress," "The New Magdalen," "May Blossom," "M'liss," "Pygmalion and Galatea,"—in which he performed a woman's part, *Daphne,*—"Kathleen Mavourneen," and "The Rose of the Sierras." Then came a summer "out of work," which his slender savings and the credit allowed him by a generous landlady enabled him to survive. All the while he was seeking another engagement. Early one morning he chanced to be alone in the outer office of the Spies Theatrical Agency, when a strange man, in haste and apparent irritation, bustled past him and entered the sanctum of Spies, leaving the door open, vociferating as he went: "See here, Jake, I want a 'first old man,' and I want him quick. The last three you sent over were sticks, and Madame wouldn't have 'em—not at no price! I've got to get one for rehearsal at ten-thirty A. M. this morning!" Power immediately followed this eager emissary, exclaiming, "I'm a 'first old man,' and I'd be glad of the engage-

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ment." The ensuing colloquy was soon over:

"You? Who are you? Why, you're nothing but a boy!"

"Never mind that. I'm Tyrone Power, and I can play any part you give me."

"Well, sonny, you've got cheek, anyway. Any experience?"

"Yes—lots of it. Down South—stock—travelling—all over."

"Can you play *Dominie Sampson?*"

"Yes." (He had, in fact, never heard of the part.)

"Well, then, my boy, as there isn't anybody else on hand, you be over there at the Amphion in Brooklyn at ten-thirty, and see what Mme. Janauschek says."

The Spies Agency was in Union Square, the Amphion Theatre in Brooklyn,—miles away. The Brooklyn Bridge, in those days, was a toll bridge, the charge to pedestrians, for crossing it, being three cents. Power had not even one cent, but a genial policeman paid the toll for him, and at the appointed hour he

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reached the Amphion and was duly presented to Mme. Janauschek as a candidate for the position of "first old man." The great actress regarded him attentively and did not seem favorably impressed, but she consented to a trial, and the part of *Dominie Sampson* was handed to him. As he turned away with it he heard her murmur, "He ees verra young—*verra young.*" The rehearsal proceeded, Power reading his part,—and very soon Mme. Janauschek perceived that her raw recruit, however crude in the difficult task he had undertaken, was possessed of natural dramatic talent. She presently stopped the rehearsal and ordered that a scene in which the *Dominie* appears should be repeated. In this she carefully explained the stage business to Power and made various suggestions, all of which were immediately utilized by him. At one o'clock, when a recess was allowed, for luncheon, the young actor had proved his case and made sure of his engagement. There was, of course, a general exodus, but as the members of the company departed and the stage was nearly

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vacated one of the actors, George Chaplin, observed that Power still lingered. "Are you not going to luncheon?" he asked. "Oh, no," said the penniless player, "I think I'll—I'll just stay here and study my part." Chaplin walked slowly toward the stage door, paused, hesitated, and then returned. "Excuse me," he said, "but—I've been an actor for a good many years: I've been looking at you carefully—and I've noticed several things, especially your shoes. I think I know the symptoms. Have you any money?" "No," Power said, "I haven't." "I thought so," rejoined Chaplin; "you'd better take the loan of this" (and he slipped a ten-dollar bill into the young man's hand), "and you'd better come out with me and get something to eat: we'll be at it here all afternoon." The sequel to this friendly action was that the truly generous veteran learned from Power the actual condition of his affairs, became more and more interested in him, lent him wigs and articles of stage dress and coached him in the parts he was to play,—not only *Dominie Sampson,* in "Meg Mer-

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rilies," but *Melville,* in "Mary Stuart," and *King Duncan,* in "Macbeth." His salary for this labor was,—because of his ignorance of theatrical matters,—placed at $35 a week.

The engagement that Power obtained in Mme. Janauschek's dramatic company, although it did not terminate the period of his professional vicissitudes and adversities, marked, in his career, the turning point toward an established position and permanent success. His first performance of *Dominie Sampson,*—Mme. Janauschek acting *Meg Merrilies,*—was given in Montreal, in the autumn of 1888, he being then in his twentieth year. The old actress,—one of the noblest of her class, in tragedy and melodrama, and by no means unaccomplished in comedy, as all observers who saw her in "Come Here" will remember,—was not only delighted by his acting, but amazed by it. "Never have I seen," she said, "such an assumption of age by one so young. Et ees wonderful —et ees marvellous!" Later she closely questioned him as to his life and circumstances, evinced a kindly interest in his welfare, and

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did much to advance him in the practice of his art. Two of her precepts, expressed to him (of the value of which she was herself a decisive evidence), are worthy of practical remembrance by every actor: "Everything worth doing is worth doing well"; and "In acting, *always take all the time you need.*"

A GREAT ACTRESS.—MME. JANAUSCHEK.

The life of Francesca Romana Magdalena Janauschek was dignified by honorable industry and illumined by splendid artistic achievement, but it was darkened by disappointment, trouble, and sorrow, and it ended in penury and obscurity. Mme. Janauschek was truly a great actress. Born at Prague, Bohemia, on July 20, 1830, she went on the stage while a child, and she remained there for more than fifty years. She first performed as a singer and as a pianist. In 1849 she was leading woman at the Frankfort Stadt Theater, where she acted for eleven years. She then became a star and performed in cities of Germany, Italy, and France. She

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MME. FANNY JANAUSCHEK

(1830-1904)

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played *Iphigenia,* acting in the Greek original of Sophocles, and also she acted in German, Italian, and French, and, finally, in English. Her first performance in America was given at the Academy of Music, New York, under the management of Max Maretzek, on October 9, 1867, as *Medea,*—when I saw her for the first time. Her associate players were compatriots, brought from Germany. Her first performance in the English language was that of *Deborah,* given in New York, in October, 1870, at the Academy of Music.

Mme. Janauschek's repertory was exceptionally various and comprehensive. She acted in comedy as well as tragedy, and her range of representation was surprisingly wide,—extending from *Countess Orsini* to *Medea;* from *Adrienne Lecouvreur* to *Lady Macbeth;* from *Mary Stuart* to *Lady Dedlock* and *Hortense,* in a play derived from Dickens's novel of "Bleak House," and from Mosenthal's *Deborah* to *Meg Merrilies,* in "Guy Mannering." For many years she was popular and prosperous, but her popularity declined, her prosperity

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dwindled, her domestic life became unhappy; years and labor sapped her strength, and loneliness and grief dejected her mind, until at last, ill and wretched, she sadly exemplified Shakespeare's pathetic line, "Unregarded age, in corners thrown." In the latter years of her professional life she was reduced to the necessity of acting such parts as the *Countess de Linières,* in "The Two Orphans," in support of Miss Kate Claxton, and *Frau Rosenbaum,* in a trashy "sensation drama," by "Al" Friend and A. C. Wheeler ("Nym Crinkle"), called "The Great Diamond Robbery,"—first produced at the American Theatre, New York, on September 4, 1895,—and she keenly felt her artistic degradation. While she was acting *Frau Rosenbaum* Power called on her, in her dressing-room at the theatre. "She received me in silence," he said, "and for some time she held my hand and looked at me without a word. Then the tears came into her eyes and she spoke. 'Ach, Mr. Power, my friend,' she said, '*you* know; *you* haf' seen,—and *now,* look at me. To *thees* am *I* come! Ees et not awful?'"

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Her last appearance on the stage, made in "The Great Diamond Robbery," occurred in 1896. On April 12, 1901, she was the recipient of a "testimonial," at Wallack's Theatre, managed by Miss Amelia Bingham, Miss Blanche Bates, and Miss Julia Marlowe. Many prominent actors participated in the performance, and the profits, amounting to $5,000, were intrusted to Mr. Daniel Frohman, by whom they were to be invested for Mme. Janauschek's benefit. She died on November 28, 1904.

Janauschek, in youth esteemed a beauty and even in middle life remarkably handsome, was dark, dignified in aspect, and stately in demeanor. Her temperament was one of exquisite sensibility. Her mind was noble and dominant, ruling her emotions; her imagination was vivid, her nature passionate. She had been thoroughly trained in the practice of dramatic art, and she left nothing to chance. She possessed the faculty of impersonation, and she used it with delightful skill, assuming widely contrasted characters and making each of them live. Her voice was deep, vibrant, sometimes

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harsh, sometimes gentle and sweet, and it was completely under her control. Her personality was massive and formidable. The ideals of character which she expressed, whatever exception might be taken to them, were always admirable for clarity, and her embodiments of them were rounded and complete. The quality of authority,—always a comfort to observe in acting,—was conspicuous in her personations, and all of them were vitalized by her profound sincerity, using art but concealing the use of it. Frivolous natures were abashed by her presence. She was in earnest, whether on the stage or off, and when acting,—even in her decline,—she dominated every scene in which she appeared, not only by what she did but by what she was.

Janauschek was exceptionally popular and successful in her portrayals of *Lady Dedlock* and the murderess, *Hortense,* in the play, based on "Bleak House," called "Chesney Wold." Her success in those parts was one of versatility,—presenting, in association and contrast, the beautiful, stately, saddened lady and the

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From a Photograph *Courtesy of George Power, Esq.*

TYRONE POWER AS *MICHELE*, IN "LITTLE ITALY"

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viperish, vindictive, malignant, wicked waiting-woman, and making both entirely credible. The play in which those characters are exhibited is a wretched, rickety patchwork, and it was unworthy of the genius of the actress. Representative personations of hers included *Medea, Deborah, Mary Stuart, Lady Macbeth,* and *Meg Merrilies.* As *Medea* she excelled in the expression of jealousy. In the wild plea of justice which that afflicted heroine makes for herself and in her agonizing supplication for her children she communicated to her auditors that unmistakable thrill of passion which is the soul of tragic acting. In Mosenthal's "Deborah,"—the story of which is familiar and does not require rehearsal,—the Jewish heroine is far superior to the man whom she loves, and the pathos of her experience is resultant from that fact. No condition is more lamentable than that of a great nature which, passionately and devotedly, loves beneath itself and is disappointed and wronged by an inferior being. Janauschek, as *Deborah,* enforced that truth by intensely emotional acting. Her *Deborah*

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loved as only a woman of fine brain and true feminine passion ever does or ever can love. Her meeting with *Joseph* in the forest; her struggle between love and duty, when about to abandon her starving people for his sake; her supplication to old *Lorenzo* and to *Hanna,* when cast out from the cottage; and her thrilling adjuration to *Joseph,* after he has thrown his purse at her feet and rushed away—all revealed a deep heart and displayed unerring skill. I have never heard more thrilling tones of agony than those in which Janauschek's *Deborah* cried out in the darkness, and called her lover's name. There was in those tones the misery of utter wreck of love and hope and life. Her delivery of the Curse, in the Churchyard Scene, was a splendid example of art,—terrible in its withering scorn and tumultuous passion, and seemingly the natural utterance of uncontrollable feeling.

As *Mary Stuart* her demeanor was majestic, her presence lovely. The ideal which she conveyed of that unhappy woman was an harmonious blending of many conflictive elements,—

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beauty, pride, policy, love, coldness, cruelty, constancy, caprice, angelic goodness, and bitter hate,—the faithful exposition of a personality which has bewitched and exasperated mankind almost as much through the medium of history as it did through the medium of flesh and blood three hundred years ago. She was at her best in the scene in which the rival queens are confronted and in the pathetic scene at the close, when *Queen Mary* goes to her death.

As *Lady Macbeth,* like certain other massive, intense women who have acted the part, Janauschek laid the chief stress on tremendous force of character, cruel ambition, and heaven-defying wickedness. The womanly charm by which *Lady Macbeth* rules the imaginative, fiend-driven, tempest-tossed soul of her husband was neither shown nor indicated. The agony of remorse was magnificently depicted in the Sleep-walking Scene, but the spiritual sensibility which would have led to such suffering and to its termination by suicide was not denoted. As *Meg Merrilies,* while she did not entirely equal Charlotte Cushman,—the best

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representative of that part ever seen,—she was her only competitor in strength, in lurid beauty, and in the pathetic denotement of a woman's tender nature, half-crazed by misery and the haunting knowledge of terrible crime. No better influence could have been exerted over the impressionable mind of a young actor than that which was exerted by this great actress over the mind of Tyrone Power.

A MANY-COLORED LINE.

With Mme. Janauschek Power was professionally associated for three years, when her temporary retirement from the stage left him once more "out of an engagement." He had communicated with his relatives in England, but his father had not forgiven him for persisting in his determination to become an actor, and his letters had been ignored. One influential person to whom his circumstances had become known,—the eminent actress Ellen Terry,—sent to him, from London, a general recommendatory letter of introduction, and this he presented to Augustin Daly, with request

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for a place in that manager's company. Daly was not readily accessible, and toward actors he was usually frigid, but, after some delay, he sent for Power and engaged him, not, however, making any contract or naming any terms. A vacancy in the Daly company had been caused by the retirement of that fine old actor Henry Edwards, who was dangerously ill (he died June 8, 1891), and Power was assigned to certain parts that Edwards had customarily played. After only two rehearsals, one of them with the veteran prompter John Moore, the other with Daly himself, he made his first appearance in association with the Daly players,—one of the most brilliant companies ever assembled on the American Stage,—at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, as *Sir Oliver Surface,* in "The School for Scandal," and within his first week under Daly's management he also acted *Baptista,* in "The Taming of the Shrew"; the *Banished Duke,* in "As You Like It," and *Holofernes,* in "Love's Labor's Lost." The study and performance of those parts within eight days may be said

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almost to deserve record with the feat of John McCullough in learning and acting *Robert Landry,* in "The Dead Heart," within twelve hours.

Augustin Daly, as a manager, was a martinet. Himself an incessant worker, he implicitly believed in the necessity of making everybody else work as hard, and he deemed it imperatively essential that every young actor should be compelled to make his way upward by slow degrees,—should obtain thorough training, such as, in his judgment, could be gained only by vanquishment of every obstacle: no player was to be advanced rapidly. Power, after his first week of sudden, exacting toil—through which he went with honor and public applause—was taken out of the important parts above mentioned, except that of *Holofernes,* assigned to minor ones, and his salary was fixed at only $20 a week. In 1891 he went with Daly's company to London. Power acted with Daly, in America and England, for about two years; then, in 1893, having saved a little money and borrowed a little more, he hired

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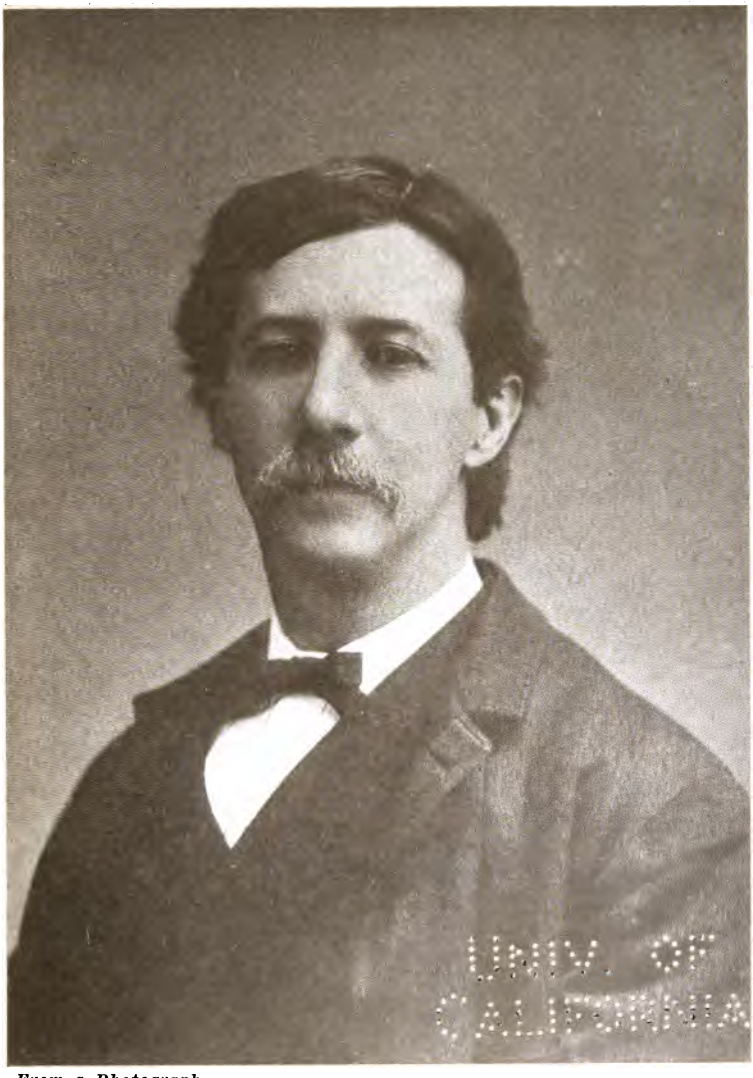
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From a Photograph

AUGUSTIN DALY, IN 1892

(1838-1899)

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the Princess' Theatre, London, and there produced a play which he had written, called "The Texan," appearing in its central character, *William Plainleigh.* That venture was a failure, and left him considerably in debt,—a misfortune which did not make reconciliation with his estranged parent any easier. He next obtained an engagement in the theatrical company of Herbert Beerbohm-Tree, with whom he acted in various provincial cities. He was in the cast of "The Red Lamp," as *General Zouroff,* when that drama was acted "by command" before Queen Victoria, at Balmoral, and Tree gave his excellent personation of *Demetrius,* the Russian police official.

In 1893 Power rejoined Daly's company in New York and remained with it for two years. In the summer of 1895 he acted in association with Joseph Haworth (1858-1903). Then he again returned to Daly. In the spring of 1896 he joined a stock company conducted by T. Daniel Frawley, giving performances in San Francisco and in cities along the Pacific Slope, from Vancouver to Los Angeles. In

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that company he was associated with the splendid light comedian Frank Worthing (George Francis Pentland: 1866-1910), Maxine Elliott, and Blanche Bates; and, with it, he visited the Sandwich Islands and acted in Honolulu. From the autumn of 1896 to that of 1898 he was again in the employment of Augustin Daly, playing a variety of parts, in New York and in other American cities and also in the British provinces. He became, however, deeply dissatisfied with Daly's treatment of him—on the ground that he had been promised *Shylock,* in "The Merchant of Venice," and had not been cast for that part—and, in November, 1898, suddenly left that manager's company, in Boston,—accepting, a short time afterward, an engagement fortunately offered to him by Mr. Harrison Grey Fiske. This involved a tour with the distinguished actress Mrs. Fiske, in association with whom he performed in "Magda," "Frou-Frou," "Little Italy," and "Love Finds the Way," and when, on September 12, 1899, Mrs. Fiske produced at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, the play

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called "Becky Sharp," by Langdon Mitchell, based on Thackeray's novel of "Vanity Fair," he appeared in the character of *Lord Steyne,* giving a grimly truthful and deeply impressive personation of that consummate image of cynical wickedness, and winning a substantial and memorable success. Dissension, however, had arisen between Power and Mr. Fiske previous to his performance, and Power presently gave the usual two weeks' notice of withdrawal. He declined to reconsider his resignation from the Fiske company and retired on Saturday, November 16,—his place being taken by the late Augustus Cooke, on the following Monday. On November 21 he sailed for Australia, accompanied by his wife,—professionally known by her maiden name, Edith Crane, to whom he was married, in New York City, in 1898. In Australia, appearing as co-stars, Tyrone Power and Edith Crane, a prosperous tour was made by them, under the management of James C. Williamson, in the course of which they played a repertory embracing, among other plays, "Tess of the

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D'Urbervilles," "The King's Musketeer," "The Only Way," "Our Boys," "Trilby," "The Taming of the Shrew," and "Nadjezda,"—which was acted by them for the first time in Australia at the Princess' Theatre, Melbourne. From Australia they sailed to England, where a peculiar good fortune came to Power,—not only welcome, but unexpected. He was asked to call on Henry Irving, who received him in his dressing-room, at the Lyceum Theatre, and after some characteristic remarks engaged him to act *Bassanio,* in "The Merchant of Venice." He appeared in association with that great actor and with the inspired and beautiful actress Ellen Terry until the season closed, July 19, 1902, when Irving made his last appearance on the Lyceum stage. It had been Irving's purpose, in making that engagement, that Power should travel with him through the provinces and lighten the heavy labor for him by appearing, on alternate nights, in certain important parts in his repertory, and that plan would have been fulfilled but that Power then received by cable from Mr. Fiske the offer of an engage-

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Zwischen Winter with affectionate
greetings Easy prof. Wash. 1904

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ment in America, to impersonate *Judas of Kerioth,* in the drama of "Mary of Magdala." The opportunity thus persuasively provided for Power was, in the judgment of Irving, one that ought to be improved. *"Judas?"* said the great actor: *"Judas*—ah, great part —ought to be—like to play it myself—great opportunity—mustn't miss it—shall be sorry to lose you—*need* you—but better take it!" Being thus advised, he accepted the offer, and returned to America. Mrs. Fiske produced "Mary of Magdala" at Milwaukee on October 23, 1902; on October 27 at Chicago, and on November 19 at the Manhattan Theatre, New York. Power's remarkable performance of *Judas* contributed largely to the great success of that drama and to establishing him permanently in the front rank of American actors.

CALIBAN.—MR. POSKET.—THE MARQUIS OF STEYNE.

Power had, up to that time, done much exacting professional labor; had seen the world in many aspects and in many climes; had acted

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exceedingly well; had won thoughtful recognition; had, from the period of his engagement in a Bowery museum, at $8 a week (a salary which was not paid), gradually increased his earning capacity until he could command and receive as much as $300 a week; had been a star; and, finally, had laid the foundations of future artistic eminence, broad and true, under the tutelage of harsh and trying, but valuable, experience. Yet, though Irving felt justified in planning for him to act such parts as *Shylock* and *King Louis the Eleventh;* though individual observers had discerned his abilities, had been deeply impressed by him and had written strongly in his advocacy, he had not, at least in this country, then gained the general recognition that was his due. His chief American successes had, however, been achieved in three parts, widely dissimilar and strongly contrasted and well calculated to try the variability of any actor,—*Caliban,* in "The Tempest"; *Æneas Posket,* in "The Magistrate," and the *Marquis of Steyne,* in "Becky Sharp."

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Augustin Daly's revival of "The Tempest" —in which, first, Miss Nancy MacIntosh and then Ada Rehan appeared as *Miranda* and George Clarke as *Prospero*—was effected at Daly's Theatre, New York, on April 6, 1897, and Power there and then first appeared as *Caliban,* giving the best performance of that part on our Stage since the day of John Gilbert. "It is a villain, sir," says *Miranda,* alluding to *Caliban,* "that I do not love to look on," and there is reason for that aversion. On the other hand, there is not, in all Shakespeare, any character more suggestive than that of *Prospero's* brutish slave, in form half fish, half man,—a malignant, hideous clod of evil, in whom, nevertheless, the germs of intelligence, feeling, and fanciful perception are beginning to stir. Notwithstanding that in Daly's version of "The Tempest" the scope of *Caliban* is somewhat lessened, Power found in the part a valuable opportunity and achieved a decisive artistic victory. The costume,—for which the actor was not responsible, as it had been designed for Daly by Mr. Percy Anderson,—

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was not fortunate, because, representing the monster as entirely overgrown with hair, it suggested an ape-like creature and not the half-man-half-fish indicated in the text. Power's performance was at its best in the first scene with *Prospero;* in the imprecation uttered by the rebellious wretch as he toils homeward laden with firewood,—"All the infections that the sun sucks up from bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall," etc.,—and in the singular, amusing scene between *Trinculo, Stephano,* and *Caliban,* when the latter, half-intoxicated with wine from his "god's" bottle, suddenly voices his rebellious discontent in song. But he was impressive throughout the performance,—the half-bestial, half-human aspect; the rude, grisly strength; the uncouth, dragging gait (as though in climbing for "young sew-mews" among the rocks the "most delicate monster" had injured a limb), which still did not prevent sudden, rapid, and dangerous rushing movements; the intense, sustained, savage fury; the earnest hatred, together with the startling gleams of thought and feeling, marked the embodiment as the

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result of fine intuition, careful design, and expert, precise execution.

Arthur Pinero's whimsical farce of "The Magistrate,"—which, containing just portrayal of manners and truthful delineation of character, can rightly be said to impinge on the realm of authentic Comedy,—is an artistic tangle of comic incidents consequent on an innocent deception and the playful, somewhat indiscreet conduct of several of its chief persons. It was written before its talented author began to trouble himself and his public about noxious "problems" (that are not "problems" at all, but only special examples of vicious conduct), and when character and humor, for their own sake, sufficed for his dramatic purpose, and it is as fresh in style as it is breezy with exhilarating mirth.

Mr. Posket is a typical representative of conventionality, an eminently respectable citizen, a London police magistrate. This elderly, dignified, sober, gentle person has wedded a handsome widow, who is older than she seems, and who has concealed from him her actual

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age and also that of her son,—the latter, a scapegrace, figuring as a mere boy. Complications consequent on that deception make the play. *Posket* accompanies his frolicsome stepson to a festive hotel in which that young scamp has hired a room, and is persuaded to partake of a supper there. *Colonel Lukin,* an intimate friend of *Mrs. Posket's* first husband, deceased, is entertaining his friend *Captain Vale* at supper in the same place. The *Colonel,* a blunt, truthful man, has promised to dine with *Mr.* and *Mrs. Posket,* and the lady, fearing that he will casually disclose the fact of her actual age, makes a clandestine call on him, in company with her sister, to confide in him and entreat his discreet silence on that subject. *Lukin* assents and persuades his visitors to take supper with him. The two parties of merrymakers are thus comically assembled under the same roof. The police invade the hotel and arrest the whole company, except *Posket* and the boy, who escape by taking refuge on a balcony—which collapses and precipitates them into the street. The hotel has

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been kept open after the hour prescribed by law for closing, and on the next day *Colonel Lukin* and his guests, including *Mrs. Posket,* are arraigned before *Posket,* charged with breach of the peace. The *Magistrate,* who bears the marks of his escapade,—his attire being dishevelled and his visage striped with court-plaster,—is obliged to adjudicate on the case. In the end, of course, explanations occur and all is made well. Power's impersonation of *Posket* was deliciously humorous, in the actor's complete maintenance of sincerity and gravity in situations radically comic. A respectable old gentleman, of a meek disposition and mild manners, startled and dismayed by preposterous and astounding circumstances, was embodied to the actual life and made a perfect image of ludicrous perplexity.

No ingenuity of paraphrase, no felicity of treatment, could make effective on the actual stage many of the events and incidents of "Vanity Fair" which, when presented in the theatre of the mind, are dramatic and deeply

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impressive: and herein lies the reason for their theatric inutility,—they impress as pictures, and pictures are quiescent, whereas drama must move, or it ceases to be drama. Next to "Henry Esmond," "Vanity Fair" is Thackeray's greatest work, and affecting points in it,—such, for example, as *John Sedley's* impartment to his wife of the news of their financial ruin, *Dobbin's* silent sorrow when he is standing on the church steps, in the rain, after *George* and *Amelia,* just married, have driven away, and *Old Osborne* traversing the field of Waterloo, to see where his unforgiven son died,—are many; but the playwright who would construct a practical play involving selected characters of that novel must omit almost all of them. That fact was recognized by Mr. Langdon Mitchell when he came to make a play on the subject for the use of Mrs. Fiske, who wished to act *Becky Sharp,* and, recognizing that it was radically impossible to put Thackeray's *Becky* on the stage, he chose certain telling incidents from "Vanity Fair," intertwined them with various characters that are

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more or less pale and incomplete reflections of characters in that novel, and made a practical, effective drama.

The main motive of that drama is *Becky Sharp's* unscrupulous quest of money and social recognition, while the main phases of it are the disastrous climax of her career as an adventuress in an intrigue with the *Marquis of Steyne,* in which she is detected by her husband, *Rawdon Crawley,* and her hypocritical imposition on *Jos. Sedley* and the younger *Sir Pitt Crawley.* The play was made as a vehicle for Mrs. Fiske, and it served its purpose well. The *Marquis of Steyne* is involved in only three of its scenes,—one in Brussels, on the night before the Battle of Waterloo, and two in *Becky's* London house, before and after the trumped-up arrest of *Rawdon Crawley* for debt. The supreme effect of the play is reached when *Rawdon,*—unexpectedly released from jail,—confronts *Becky* and her profligate suitor at their midnight supper.

In his make-up for this part Power discreetly and effectively varied from the descrip-

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tion of the old cynic which is thus given by the novelist: "The candles lighted up Lord Steyne's bald head, which was fringed with red hair. He had thick, bushy eyebrows, with little, twinkling, blood-shot eyes, surrounded by a thousand wrinkles. His jaw was underhung, and when he laughed two white buck teeth protruded themselves and glistened savagely in the midst of the grin. He had been dining with royal personages, and wore his garter and ribbon. A short man was his lordship, broad-chested and bow-legged, and proud of the fineness of his foot and ankle, and always caressing his garter knee." Power, being tall (six feet one "in his socks"), could not make himself "a short man." He presented *Steyne* as a carelessly-elegant person, grim in aspect, nonchalant in customary demeanor, while dignified and courtly, cynical in temperament and speech, evil in personality. He was a baleful figure of gaunt, grim strength, hovering in festal light and ominous of disaster. He uttered sarcasms in a bland yet icy manner which enhanced their venom. No contrast

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TYRONE POWER AS *THE MARQUIS OF STEYNE*,
IN "BECKY SHARP"

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more marked could have been effected than was shown by his personation of *Steyne,* set against that of his *Posket.*

"MARY OF MAGDALA."—*JUDAS OF KERIOTH.*

With these notably successful personations to his credit, it was natural that the part of *Judas* should be offered to him, and, equally for the producers of "Mary of Magdala" and for the actor, it was fortunate that he decided to accept it. His embodiment of *Judas* was, as I have said, largely instrumental in winning success for that sombre play.

"Maria von Magdala" was written, in prose, by the German author Paul Heyse, and on the basis of an exceedingly rough prose translation it was adapted and written, in blank verse, by me. The German play was brought to my attention by Mr. and Mrs. Fiske, who asked me to make an English version of it, for their use. The Bible story of the Magdalen had never impressed me, and it does not impress me now, as entirely suitable for illustration on the stage, and, after a careful reading of

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Heyse's play, in which that story is coarsely treated, I advised Mr. and Mrs. Fiske not to touch the subject. In the German play the motive of *Judas* is jealousy of *Jesus,* to whom he supposes that his mistress, *Mary,* has become carnally devoted and whom he comes to suspect of amorous inclination toward her ("... Well I saw!—his eyes glowed as never before—they spoke for him, and said: 'Come! I will take thee to my heart, fairest of women, and thou shalt be my queen!'" etc.), and I perceived that, for the American audience at least, a radical alteration of the dramatic scheme would be imperatively essential. Mr. and Mrs. Fiske were, I found, resolved to produce a version of the drama, and as I was desirous that they should not, by their enthusiasm, be misled into doing anything injurious to either the Theatre or themselves, I ultimately undertook the task of making "Mary of Magdala" presentable on the English-speaking Stage. The result of my labor was, practically, a new play. I first wrote it in prose, afterward in verse. Portions of the original

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were omitted, other portions condensed, and some entirely new material was introduced. My Preface to the published play will further elucidate this subject:

PREFACE.*

It is suggested to the readers and spectators of the drama of "Mary of Magdala" that it aims to depict a fanciful state of facts and circumstances, such as might have existed anterior to the establishment of Christianity, at a time when Jesus of Nazareth,—around whom, although he is not introduced, the action circulates,—was viewed exclusively as a man, and had not yet, in the eyes of any considerable number of persons, been invested with a sacred character. The picture of his personality that has been made in these imaginary scenes might seem sacrilegious if this point of view were ignored. The allusions to him, under the various designations of Preacher, Prophet, Nazarene, etc., by *Caiaphas*, the High Priest of Jerusalem; by *Flavius*, the young Roman soldier, and by *Judas*,—here presented as a Hebrew patriot,—are such as might naturally be made, by different orders of men, with reference to a

* Mary of Magdala. An Historical and Romantic Drama in Five Acts. The Original in German Prose by Paul Heyse. The Translation Freely Adapted and Written in English Verse by William Winter. New York: The Macmillan Company. London: Macmillan & Co., Ltd. 1903. *All Rights Reserved.*

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being human like themselves, and not, to their minds, in any sense divine; and, accordingly, these allusions should not be misconstrued as intending to disparage a Christian ideal. The defection of *Judas* from his leader is [herein] ascribed to loss of faith in that leader's ability and purpose forcibly to free the Jews from bondage to Rome, while his subsequent betrayal of that leader is attributed to frenzied rage,—*Judas* and *Mary of Magdala* having been lovers, and *Mary*, in her contrition and in her practical regeneration, having broken that alliance, repudiated him, and given her heart to Heaven. The tendency of the drama, in the English form, as here printed, while telling a romantic story of action and depicting aspects of Hebrew life in ancient Jerusalem, is to diffuse an influence of charity and to suggest the celestial victory of a human soul, triumphant over sin and sorrow, through belief in divine goodness. The German original,—upon a rough, literal translation of which the present play has been built,—is human and compassionate in spirit; but it is neither poetical nor spiritual, and, in some particulars, it lacks refinement. Its exposition of the heroine's shame is somewhat needlessly specific and ample; its portrayal of *Flavius*, the young Roman soldier, is carnal and coarse; and it makes the motive of *Judas* not only the fanatical resentment of a disappointed patriot, but the sensual jealousy of a discarded paramour. In its original form it would have proved offensive; in fact, it could not have been presented. The present adapta-

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tion, which was first written in prose and then rewritten in verse, presents the component parts of the original; but, in its treatment of them, it follows a free course, making essential modifications alike in the structure, the character, and the tone, and resulting in a paraphrase. Upon a first reading of the German drama it seemed impracticable for the English Stage; but a later study of it prompted the thought that, since the subject of the Magdalen has, whether for good or evil, become a stock theme in theatrical composition and almost continually current on the stage, a salutary influence might, perhaps, be diffused by utilizing this fabric in a modified form; showing this representative type of degraded womanhood as a repentant sinner, and indicating,—without either a specious embellishment of vicious life or a sentimental appeal to maudlin sympathy,—the only refuge, comfort, and hope that the penitent can ever find. . . .

W. W.

New Brighton, Staten Island, New York,
June 18, 1903.

I am glad to think, as I do, that my judgment and my treatment of the subject were valuable to Mr. and Mrs. Fiske, and not, perhaps, altogether valueless to the Stage. The following excerpt from an article in "The Chicago Chronicle," published at a time when

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the play was current in Chicago, epitomizes the general opinion expressed on the subject:

"Mrs. Fiske's production of 'Mary of Magdala' has naturally received attention from pulpit commentators; some of the most distinguished churchmen in this city have commended the spirit that dominates the production, while others (in every instance the critic has not seen the performance) have condemned the play, on the ground that Biblical topics are not proper subjects for stage discussion. Sunday morning, at McVicker's, Dr. Driver preached on 'The Ministry of Wealth,' and took occasion to pay Mrs. Fiske a compliment. He endeavored to show that wealth, properly administered, is productive of all that is noblest and best in life. Among other things he said:

" 'I was walking one day through the Royal Gallery in the city of Naples, and came to a painting that thrilled my soul and filled my eyes with tears. I am not emotional, but rather phlegmatic, and hence I was surprised at the influence of this, to me, unknown work of art. Inquiring of one of the guides who the painter was, and the subject of the painting, he said: "You need not be ashamed of your tears; they are an honor to yourself and to Titian—who was the painter—and Mary of Magdala was the subject." Not many of you will ever visit that far-off land, that famous city, or that great gallery of art, but what in many respects

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Courtesy of George Power, Esq.

TYRONE POWER AS *COUNSELLOR VON KELLAR*, IN "MAGDA"

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is better is the opportunity afforded you to see Mrs. Fiske's marvellous reproduction of the story of Mary of Magdala. I have seen the greatest masters of the lyric and dramatic stage, in America, and I speak with the strictest regard for the truth when I say that I have nowhere seen a play more refined, more suggestive of all things pure, more redolent with eternal hope, or more eloquent in its portrayal of the sweetest and tenderest passion of the Christ heart, than the great masterpiece that is now being presented by Mrs. Fiske. The cry for a purified stage and an ennobling art is reverently and conscientiously answered in Mrs. Fiske's wonderful presentation.' "

In "Mary of Magdala" the *Magdalen* appears as the truant wife of an old, corrupt, licentious Hebrew, from whose cruel treatment and bestial society she has long been a fugitive. *Judas* is displayed as the impassioned lover of *Mary,* and as a Hebrew patriot, fanatically devoted to the service of his country. When the betrayal of the Nazarene is indicated as a principal impulse in the movement of the drama, the motive of *Judas,* in repudiating his leader and delivering him into hostile hands, is declared to be neither mercenary

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greed nor predestined wickedness, but a furious resentment, proceeding out of the passionate conviction that Hebrew freedom has been lost through that leader's incompetence to lead, this resentment being intensified and made insane by the fanatic's perception that the object of his earthly love has, through a spiritual change, been removed out of his world, lifted above all mortal passions, and separated from him forever.

In the representation of this drama Mrs. Fiske, as *Mary,* and Power, as *Judas,* were alike harmonized and contrasted, the latter more directly impressing the imagination (for *Judas* is the more dramatic, imaginative character of the two, and Power is the far more imaginative and impressive actor), and the former more directly touching the heart. *Mary* is an emblem of suffering, while *Judas,* whose impulses are earthly and tainted with evil, is an emblem of action. Both are shown as persons of intense emotion and vitality and as early subjected to the influence of the unseen but strangely potent prophet, and both

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are depicted as creatures of a destiny fluent from his control,—*Mary* being converted into his worshipper, while *Judas* becomes his almost maniacal foe. Toward these results the march of incident is steady and direct. At the outset *Judas* has already begun to waver in his fidelity to a leader who will not wage war upon the Roman oppressor, while *Mary*,—disillusioned, remorseful, embittered, at variance with herself, vaguely apprehensive, and on the eve of spiritual regeneration,—is secretly attracted toward her spiritual redeemer, and wishful to behold him. The divergence between *Mary* and *Judas* begins at once, and, directly after *Mary* has seen the Nazarene and has been saved from a violent death through the interposition of his memorable command, "He that is without sin among you, let him cast the first stone," it broadens to a final separation, and in both their lives the crisis is precipitated and the inevitable tragedy accomplished. For *Judas* there comes an hour of terrible distress and self-conflict when, in mingled delirium and desolation, he yields to the lure of the subtle

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priest, *Caiaphas,* and betrays his leader; and for *Mary* there comes an hour of still more agonizing trial when, mindful of the Nazarene's behest, she must shrink from deadly sin, and thereby,—as her tortured mind believes,—sacrifice the life that is most precious to her of all things in the world. Those scenes and the temptation and anguish of *Judas* and *Mary* are the actual substance of the drama. Two scenes of pathos ensue, in one of which *Judas,* conscious of his hideous crime, invokes the terrors of the tempest to blast and destroy him, while in the other, sublimated with grief, the redeemed *Magdalen* beholds, in ecstasy, the second coming of the Prince of Peace.

In the delineation of *Judas* there is less of suffering and more of action than in the delineation of *Mary,* but for him also there is a deadly struggle. He begins with passionate love for an enchanting woman, which presently is checked by idolatry for a great leader. He wavers between faith and love, until both are lost to him; he becomes insane with self-conflict; he commits the horrible crime of the betrayal;

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From a Photograph

TYRONE POWER AS *JUDAS OF KERIOTH*, IN
"MARY OF MAGDALA"

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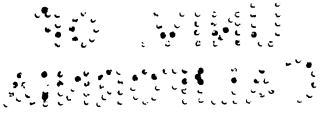

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and, thereafter, in hopeless agony of remorse, though with yet the colossal endurance of unbroken pride and adamantine will, he triumphs over his earthly enemies by a self-inflicted death. Power,—with fine presence, splendid vigor of action, sympathetic voice, and absolute comprehension of every detail of the character and every possibility of the scene,—presented the gloomy, austere, and terrible figure in a way to thrill the imagination, to arouse and sustain a shuddering sympathy, and greatly to deepen the pathos of a most pitiable experience by infusing into every moment of its portrayal a form of wonderful life. In the crisis of the betrayal he seemed the incarnation of an evil spirit: in that of the parting from *Mary*—

> "To-morrow, at the dawn,
> Either a life with me—far off from here—
> Or—in Jerusalem—a grave—"

he seemed, with the deadly calm and cold malignity of his passion, the supreme head and source of wicked power: and in his closing

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scene of remorse he conveyed the struggle between the agony of the spirit and pride of the intellect with a felicity of action and vocal expression, a tremendous energy and exemplary self-control altogether extraordinary in the modern period of the Theatre, and such as revealed, in a decisive way, the faculty for tragedy of a yet higher kind.

"ULYSSES."

Power acted in "Mary of Magdala" until the end of the season of 1902-'03, when, becoming dissatisfied with Mr. Harrison Grey Fiske's treatment of him, he left the Fiske company. That manager, unwilling to permit his withdrawal, brought an action at law against him, alleging that Power's services as *Judas* were "unique and extraordinary,"—as unquestionably they were,—and that the actor was indispensable to the continued prosperity of the representation of "Mary of Magdala." Power was, however, able to show, in court, complete justification for his refusal longer to act under Mr. Fiske's management; the action was

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decided in his favor, on the afternoon of September 14, 1903, and that night, at the Garden Theatre, he appeared as a star, under the management of Mr. Charles Frohman, who brought him forward as *Ulysses,* in a play of that name by Mr. Stephen Phillips, which had previously been acted in London, with Herbert Beerbohm-Tree in its chief part. Although the presentment did not gain an unequivocal popular success, coming after his triumph as *Judas,* in support of another star, it marked the firm establishment of Tyrone Power as a leader among the actors of the period. Irving, who had long borne the heavy burdens of leadership and management and who was then preparing to act in New York, in "Dante,"—a play which, like "Ulysses," contains a scene in the infernal regions,—cabled his facetious felicitations to Power, in a message which "congratulated" him on "getting into Hell."

Mr. Phillips's play is an ambitious, creditable, and at some points admirable attempt to vitalize for the Theatre a fanciful aspect of a classical myth. It is comprised in a prologue and three

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acts, and most of it is written in blank verse; not such sonorous, stately, splendid blank verse as that of Tennyson, in his poems of "Ulysses" and "Lucretius," and not such majestic diction as that of Matthew Arnold, in his "Merope" and "Empedocles," but such as is prompted by occasion and produced by expert artistic labor, and such as answers a useful purpose on the stage. Most of the modern bards who revert to classical themes,—meaning the themes of Grecian and Roman mythology,—are usually artificial. Mr. Phillips is essentially so, the scenes of his "Ulysses" being those of uninspired, mechanical contrivance, and the language of it being,—though occasionally eloquent and fervid,—formal with obvious art. The author's development of his story, however, provides abundantly for scenic display, and this, of course, is an attractive element of the drama. At the beginning there is a picture of Olympus and a synod of the Gods, and the *Thunderer* grants *Minerva's* prayer that her chosen hero shall be rescued from the siren and restored to his kingdom.

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Then follows a picture of the temporary infatuation of *Ulysses,* in Ogygia, the isle of *Calypso,* and to this, after his release by *Hermes,* is appended a prospect of his transit through the horrors of the underworld—a perilous, afflictive progress, commanded by *Jove,* and made by the hero in expiation of his fault. At the last he is shown in his disguised return to his domain of Ithaca, where he discomfits his enemies and happily embraces his son, *Telemachus,* and his constant, affectionate, noble wife, the heroic *Penelope.*

The play contains suggestive incident and well contrasted character, its pictorial interludes are effective, and its action moves smoothly to an exciting and pleasing climax. The scene of the apparitions in Hades is written with peculiar felicity of allusion and is invested with an atmosphere of danger and dread. Power, fortunate in stature and picturesque aspect, presented an impressive image of rugged force,—a lean, swarthy, sinewy, resolute, sailor-like *Ulysses,*—and endowed the Stage with another new and memorable figure.

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During the trials of Tartarus Power's acting evinced imagination, passion, and a vivid and communicable sense of awe, mystery, and horror. The closing scene of the drama,—with the adroit treatment of the insults to the disguised *Ulysses*,—is dramatic and creative of momentary suspense, and at that climax Power created first an effect of pathos and then an effect of noble triumph. The situation,—the arrival of a disguised husband, who comes home just in time to rescue from ill usage the loving wife who has supposed him to be dead,—is old, and it has often been used in works of fiction, but Mr. Phillips treated it in a comparatively new way, so as to provide scope for an actor, and Power animated it with right feeling and prodigious vigor.

INGOMAR.

Power's engagement at the Garden Theatre lasted till November 14, after which date he made a tour, still acting in "Ulysses." His next appearance in New York occurred on May 13, 1904, at the Knickerbocker Theatre,

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TYRONE POWER AS *ULYSSES,* IN "ULYSSES"

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in "Yvette," a tawdry play by M. Paul Berton, author of the malodorous drama of "Zaza." "Yvette," then produced for the first time in America, was acted for the Benefit of the Actors' Fund of America. Only one performance of it was given, and Power's personation in it of a dark, mysterious personage, of the hirsute breed, was not important. On May 16 he appeared at the Empire Theatre, acting *Ingomar,* in association with Miss Julia Marlowe, as *Parthenia.* The old play of "Ingomar" (1851), derived by Mrs. Maria Lovell from a German original, with its romantic story of the brave, gentle Greek girl who, in order to redeem her father from slavery, ventures among barbarians and captivates, and is captivated by, their chieftain, is a delicate fabric of fancy and, though wildly improbable, is lovely in spirit and beneficial in influence. Power's personation of the leader of the Alemanni, which at first was somewhat indefinite, became, with repetition, clear, symmetrical, and impressive, a perfect image of simple manliness, and worthy to be ranked with the

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memorable performances of the part long ago given by James R. Anderson, Frederick B. Conway, and John McCullough. Power's massive figure, picturesque appearance, rugged demeanor, and richly melodious voice suited the part. In arrogant force and physical predominance he was, at first, the fierce, self-confident, truculent outlaw. The awakening of love in a half-savage nature,—signified by a dazed condition and a tremor of apprehensive perplexity,—was denoted by him with fine skill and a touching effect of pathos, when, standing in the forest, alone, *Ingomar* repeats the Greek girl's verses,—

> "Two souls with but a single thought,
> Two hearts that beat as one."

The performance combined innate dignity, manly tenderness, and bluff humor, and in the moments of passionate self-conflict, when the wild spirit of the barbarian struggles between brute rage and irresistible love, the actor rose to a splendid climax of feeling. The expressive soliloquy beginning "Scarce know me! True—

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I scarcely know myself," can never have been more naturally and eloquently spoken than it was by Power. The play is out of fashion now, but with such acting as his and that of Miss Marlowe it gave great pleasure, and perhaps it still would please. During his association with that admired actress he performed not only in "Ingomar," but as *Charles Brandon,* in the play that she made popular, called "When Knighthood Was In Flower."

"ADREA" AND *ARKISSUS OF ARCADY.*

In the season of 1904-'05 Power was engaged by David Belasco to coöperate with Mrs. Leslie Carter in the production of "Adrea," a tragedy by Belasco and Mr. John Luther Long, in which that able and remarkable actress made the most ambitious and important venture—and also the greatest success—of her professional career.

The play of "Adrea" commingles spectacle with tragedy, and may be classified with such dramas as Byron's "Sardanapalus" and Bulwer's "The Last Days of Pompeii." The

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scene is an imaginary kingdom located on an island in, perhaps, the Adriatic or the Mediterranean. The period is about 500 B. C. The story relates to the tragic and pathetic experience of a princess named *Adrea.* It is a complex story, possibly derived from a recondite source, certainly the product of a wild imagination. *Adrea* is blind, and therefore she cannot succeed to the throne of her deceased father, *King Menenthus,* who had decreed that his sceptre can be inherited only by a descendant who is sound alike in body and mind. Her younger sister, *Julia,* by whom she is hated, obtains the sovereignty of this fanciful empire, and likewise appropriates to herself the plighted lover of the elder *Princess,* a martial chieftain named *Kæso,*—incidentally contriving, by a cruel stratagem, that *Adrea* shall be wedded to a *Court Fool,* under the delusion that this menial is *Kæso.* After the shameful sacrifice of the blind *Princess* has been accomplished a frightful tempest occurs and a thunderbolt strikes down the *Fool* and, at the same instant, by means of shock, restores to *Adrea* her

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faculty of vision. She then assumes the crown, condemns *Kæso* to be torn and trampled by wild horses, but finally, in a frenzy of love and grief, saves him from that dreadful and ignominious death by stabbing him to the heart with her father's sword. The *Princess Julia,* meanwhile, has been killed, leaving a son—the consequence of her marriage with *Kæso.* At the last, after an interval of years, *Adrea* abdicates, in favor of the succession of *Kæso's* boy, and relapses into blindness. Throughout all her trials and sufferings she has been devotedly served by *Arkissus of Arcady,* a barbarian soldier, by whom she is idolized. That part was acted by Power, who, entering zealously and deeply into the tragic spirit of this strange drama, gave a performance remarkable for rugged strength, intense feeling, and a certain lurid magnificence of aspect and demeanor which made him grandly conspicuous in it, and signally denoted his resource of imagination.

Valuable and substantial as were those artistic achievements, I should give but a dim idea of Tyrone Power's endeavors if I were to

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convey the impression that he moved with a tranquil mind and a steady, ordered step from engagement to engagement and from success to success. The truth is far otherwise. This actor's experience has often been embittered by disappointment, the discovery of misplaced confidence, the falling off of friends, and the anguish of hope deferred. It is not necessary that an actor should, personally, have passed through any specific experience in order to be able to portray it; but it *is* vitally necessary that he should have a wide, deep, varied personal experience of life, in many aspects, in order that he may be able to act greatly, and it is imperative that he should have the potentiality in his nature of being, under given circumstances, anything which he would authentically represent in acting. That is an explanation of the permanent value of the best achievements of Tyrone Power. Some of the engagements here chronicled were accepted by him from necessity, and several of the admirable personations given by him, in the course of them, were given under adverse conditions

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and in the face of direct opposition. Mrs. Leslie Carter, for example, was not pleased that an actor associated with herself should largely engross public attention and approval. Power was continually fretting under the restriction of circumstances and the galling spur of his ambition to achieve unequivocally *great* things. "Money! Money!! Money!!!" he wrote, in one of his letters; "that's the thing they are all after, and that is what I need—and haven't got! I'd play for my board-bill to get an opportunity to play great parts in great plays, with worthy casts, and play 'em my own way —and we'd make more money doing the great plays than in the piffling rubbish so many managers are bringing out to-day! 'Othello'! I'd make what they call 'a great production' of it for $15,000—and $75,000 has been lost, this season, on '—— ——— ————'! But you can't get some of these men to see what is plain before 'em!" In another letter he wrote: "'The legitimate drama'; 'a theatre in New York'; 'King Lear,' 'Macbeth,' 'Othello'—they've all been dangled before me for years,

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like a bunch of carrots in front of an ass's nose, and I, like an ass in a treadmill, have galloped miles and miles over clattering nonsense, trying to set my teeth in that bunch of carrots, till, sometimes, I'm heartsick and miserable. But, please God, my chance will come, some day, and then, without parade, I'll make my stand for the finer things in this great and beautiful art and take, without exultation or complaint, whatever fortune sends."

Power withdrew from "Adrea" in the spring of 1905. In the fall of that year he made an unsuccessful and short tour in "The Transcoso Trail." For about five months thereafter he sought to obtain financial backing with which to venture on several fine productions, including a revival of "Macbeth," in which he desired to appear with his wife, Edith Crane, incidentally refusing many invitations to act in plays of the salacious order which during the past fifteen years have been so disgracefully frequent in our Theatre. "Some of the plays they wanted me to act in would be, I should think, very appropriate in a brothel,"

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he said, commenting on this part of his experience, "but nowhere else, and I'd break stone for a living before I'd appear in such filthy stuff. But, when you're in debt and don't know where your next bean is coming from, it's hard to turn down a guarantee of $500 a week and a percentage of the gross receipts!"

"THE REDSKIN" AND *LONAWANDA.*

After this long period of that "hope deferred which maketh the heart sick" and dejects the very soul of a sensitive man, Power was brought forward by William A. Brady, in an amazing patchwork "Indian drama," called "The Redskin." This piece was produced at the Liberty Theatre, March 1, 1906, and it demonstrated once more that it is one thing to read about the Boston Indian and another thing to see him. *Chingachgook* and *Uncas* are credible and delightful in the earnest, vital, picturesque pages of Cooper, but they seemed artificial on the stage—as old playgoers will remember who saw George Fawcett Rowe's play of "Leatherstocking." Captain Glover's

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play on "The Last of the Mohicans" is said to have been well received, but it dates back more than three-quarters of a century, and it has been dead all that time. Forrest, with his rude dignity, colossal force, and sonorous voice, vitalized *Metamora,* but it was the actor, not the Indian, that captured the public sympathy: the later revival of that part by Daniel H. Harkins had no effect. It was Joseph Proctor, with his imposing presence, absolute sincerity, imaginative quality, and remarkable celerity of action, that made the *Jibbenainosay* ("Nick of the Woods") popular in his day; it was not the assumption of the savage. The literal copy of an Indian, as made, for example, by Theodore Roberts,—when he gave his finely correct performance of *Scarbrow,* in that exceedingly effective play, by Franklin Fyles and David Belasco, "The Girl I Left Behind Me,"—was interesting only as a photograph, and this was true, likewise, of the Indian reflex that Mr. Perry gave, in "John Ermine of the Yellowstone." Lo, in himself, is stolid, taciturn, secretive, formidable, fero-

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cious; but he is not an attractive personality, and when put into the white man's fiction he is made only incredible,—never really sympathetic,—by ascription to him of attributes that the white man considers ideal, and that the red man does not possess. In that way the poet Campbell drew his "Oneyda warrior," *Outalissi,* in "Gertrude of Wyoming," and persons who wish to make the magnanimous and pathetic Lo instrumental in melting the waxen hearts of men usually follow this fashion:

> "As monumental bronze unchang'd his look;
> A soul that pity touch'd, but never shook;
> Trained from his tree-rock'd cradle to his bier
> The fierce extremes of good and ill to brook
> Impassive—fearing but the shame of fear—
> A stoic of the woods—a man without a tear."

In the play of "The Redskin" Power appeared as an Indian chieftain of this time-honored type. The name of him was *Lonawanda,* and he dominated his tribe, the "Ockotchees," resident in the vicinity of the Great Lakes of America. The play makes known

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that there came a time when *Lonawanda,* being desirous that his daughter, *Adulola,* should marry, summoned his "braves," meaning the young men of his tribe, in order that the maiden might select a satisfactory mate from among them; but, in so doing, omitted to invite a certain redoubtable brave named *Niatawa,* thus grievously offending *Niatawa's* father, a splenetic and bellicose savage, named *Matawagnon.* Angry words thereupon passed between *Matawagnon* and *Lonawanda,*—the controversy proceeding until *Lonawanda* closed it with a strangling grip,—at the same time incidentally closing *Matawagnon's* career. That catastrophe, as might have been expected, inflamed *Niatawa*—a sort of Indian *Laertes*—with the desire and purpose of revenge; but, unhappily, *Niatawa,* beguiled by female artifice, was led to ascribe the murder of his sire to the wrong man—a certain respectable sage named *Sheanaugua;* and thereupon he became involved in such complex and suspicious circumstances as presently led to his condemnation to death, as the alleged illicit lover of *Lashota,*

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From a Photograph by Hall, N. Y.

TYRONE POWER AS *LONAWANDA*, IN "THE REDSKIN"

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Sheanaugua's wife. At that point *Lonawanda* interposed, with the announcement that *Matawagnon* was slain by his own imperial hand. A combat subsequently occurred, between *Niatawa* and *Sheanaugua,* in which the former brave,—despairing of love and honor,—permitted himself to be slain.

Stage exposition of that melancholy tale proved such as could be viewed with composure. The summary proceeding of *Lonawanda* toward *Matawagnon* caused a ripple of disquietude, but that was only momentary; for it did not escape observation that *Matawagnon* made himself very unpleasant,—indulging in taunts, alluding to *Adulola* as "a pale face," and expressing impolite doubts as to her paternity; —and indignities such as those are never tamely endured by the Boston Indian. Power, fully comprehending the Redskin's nature, of course manifested deep sensibility to those aspersions. The public has not at any time gazed on a more acutely sensitive Indian chieftain; nor, unless the actor had worn a nose ring, could he possibly have become a more imposing

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image of the truly noble Boston savage. He was, indeed, a great spectacle. Nor was *Lonawanda* alone in his glory. Actual Indians, the very prose of the earth,—about a dozen of them,—had been brought all the way from an agency in Nebraska, to perform the "Ghost Dance"; a festive rite that commonly precedes arterial congelation and raising of the hair, and therefore was confidently trusted to cause these effects. The exhibition inspired awe, and no reasonable spectator could ask for anything more awful. Furthermore it agitated responsive bosoms by apprising them that the morals and manners of the Gallico-Pinero-Jones modern "problem" comedy were actively prevalent among the Aborigines of North America, in the vicinity of the Great Lakes, in 1750, and that alone was worth the price of admission. The spouse of Potiphar, it will be remembered, lived again in "The Tree of Knowledge,"—that sweet-scented boon vouchsafed in the Sunday-school days of the old Lyceum Theatre; and the same dear creature recurred in the Indian wife *Lashota;* for that dame, wish-

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ful to ensnare the gallant *Niatawa,* was quite willing that he should destroy her husband, and indeed took active measures to promote that consummation. To some fogies it seems a pity that we cannot have even a primitive backwoods drama without the everlasting matrimonial misfit, the taint of bestial sensuality, the peppery aroma of vice. The belief does still linger, in a few benighted minds, that there really ought to be other dramatic motives. Old Dr. Johnson long ago remarked that "love is only one of the many passions, and has no great influence upon the sum of life"; and that sage (who suffused his considerate observations with the embarrassing attributes of profound knowledge and thought) ventured the opinion that "any other passion, as it is regular or exorbitant, is a cause of happiness or calamity." Such views, however, are, of course, behind the times. Welcome was, therefore, expected for Lo, in his modern, human, "up-to-date" environment of domestic infelicity, matrimonial incontinence, "love," and slaughter.

The acting of Power, as *Lonawanda,* was,

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under the circumstances, magnificent; for the Indian chieftain is placed in conditions that frequently are absurd and is obliged to speak language that is often imbecile. Power, however, manifested the imagination to form a distinct and fine ideal of tribal majesty, and likewise he had the romantic fervor and artistic enthusiasm to maintain himself in absolute sincerity in the expression of it. All the important parts were earnestly acted, but Power bore the burden of the play and carried it to a considerable measure of success—in spite of its nonsensical plot and its perfectly astounding abundance of preposterous language. Mr. Donald MacLaran's Indians are supplied with a vocabulary of such amplitude as is literally marvellous, including euphemisms that would have startled Lilly himself. Sunrise is "bright day's regalia." Mention occurs of the "peacock,"—a bird indigenous to the East Indies, and unknown to the North American Indians; of "the fragile thread of honor," "the love-sick maiden," "O, sore oppressed," "the graven image," and "a vertigo of jealousy." Such

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phrases as "methinks," "one would," "in truth 'tis not," "one whit," "sore trouble," "in sooth," "name linked with yours"; "may tempt the danger," "unruly tears that belie my heart of marble"; "funeral pile," etc., occur ad nauseam. "You lived a double life," exclaims one disgusted savage. "You open afresh the wound of sin," cries another. Allusion is made to "most worshipful feet" and woods "well stocked with game." And so it goes—till the listener, like still another of these erudite Ockotchees, "is fain" to exclaim, with *Scrooge,* to the ghost of *Marley,* "Don't be flowery, Jacob." Yet, despite all this, the concocter of the medley, by taking the theatric crux of his principal situation from the Scottish drama called "Bonnie Prince Charlie,"—that of the blind man and the woman,—and incidentally gathering hints from "Romeo and Juliet," "Pygmalion and Galatea" (the mirror incident), "The Fatal Card," and even "Hamlet," contrived to make something remotely like a play. At all events, it afforded, in the Cave Scene, when the blind father was apprised of his daughter's

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supposed dishonor, an opportunity for Power, which was very splendidly improved. Here a true actor evinced great capacity, alike of action and of voice—providing a rounded, full, superb example of impersonation.

The career of "The Redskin" at the Liberty Theatre lasted until March 25, after which a tour of the country was made with it. From April 17 to May 12 Power acted at the Liberty Theatre with Florence Roberts, in "The Strength of the Weak." The next six months were devoted to efforts to effect revivals of standard legitimate plays. In the fall of 1907 Power accepted an engagement to act in association with Miss Henrietta Crosman, in a theatrical epitome of "The Pilgrim's Progress," made by Mr. James MacArthur, and entitled "The Christian Pilgrim." This play, after preliminary performances in other cities, was produced in New York, at the Liberty Theatre (now, 1913, the Harris), on November 11, 1907.

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"THE CHRISTIAN PILGRIM"

BEELZEBUB, APOLLYON, LORD HATEGOOD, GIANT DESPAIR.

With a view to stage effect it would be difficult to make a more practical use of materials selected from "The Pilgrim's Progress" than was made by Mr. MacArthur. Strict adherence to the original was, of course, impossible; but the deviations from Bunyan's plan, although considerable, while they augment movement and heighten pictorial display, do not detract from either the grandeur and pathos of the theme or the solemnity of its import. That theme is the progress of a repentant sinner from a condition of remorse and misery to a condition of peace and joy; from the fear of damnation of the immortal soul to a confident trust in its salvation through faith. Upon the theological aspect of the work it is not essential to expatiate. Few books exist into which their authors have put as much of themselves as John Bunyan put into "The Pilgrim's Progress." He was a believer in a literal hell; in the Fiend, the fire, and the bottomless pit. He

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suffered terribly. The account that he wrote of his life is the hardest of hard reading; is deplorably wearisome,—all the more so because painfully, almost repulsively, expressive of the colossal egotism of which a human being can be capable, when concentrated on his emotions and completely engrossed by solicitude for himself: but it is wonderfully illuminative of the spirit of "The Pilgrim's Progress," and it is clearly explanatory of the genius of its writer. The agonies through which he passed and the religious convictions upon which he finally rested are all expressed in that book. It is an allegory, and allegories, as a rule, are not susceptible of effective dramatic treatment. This one is exceptional. Macaulay,—a critic who set the good example of always giving his reasons for opinion, and who somewhere designates "Paradise Lost" and "The Pilgrim's Progress" as the two great imaginative works of English literature in the seventeenth century, —has truly said of Bunyan that, among all the allegorists, he is the only one who has succeeded in making abstractions the objects of terror,

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pity, and love. "The Pilgrim's Progress" possesses the cardinal virtues of sincerity and simplicity, and because of its simplicity it measurably lends itself to dramatic exposition.

Religious thought has considerably clarified itself since Bunyan's time, and the literal Devil, with horns, hoofs, and tail, going about seeking whom he may devour, has, by most persons, been relegated into the limbo of fiction. He figures in the allegory, however, and, together with other creatures of fancy, he is conspicuous in Mr. MacArthur's play; but, happily, his presence is not associated with any assertion of creed or any fanatical exhortation. The purpose, obviously, was to tell a story, and that purpose was fulfilled. At the beginning *Christian,* bearing the name of *Graceless,* is shown as having already left the City of Destruction and set forth on his perilous expedition toward Zion—the expedition that every human being must make who would conquer evil propensities and attain to purity and beauty in the spiritual life. The *Pilgrim* has fallen asleep by the wayside, exhausted

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and miserable, and, in his dream, he beholds *Beelzebub,* throned among the fallen angels who are the legions of hell, and he hears that *Fiend's* commandment that he shall be pursued and brought back to the dominion of sin, or else thwarted in his progress and either driven or lured to ruin. He awakens and proceeds on his journey, resisting the persuasions of the *Worldly Wise,* and so he reaches the Wicket Gate, where *Faith* receives him and where his heavy burden of iniquity and sorrow falls away, so that he is changed and becomes a white and radiant figure of virtue and hope. Then, in the House Beautiful, *Prudence, Charity,* and *Pity* clothe him with armor, place upon his head the Helmet of Salvation, and arm him with the Sword of the Spirit. He has now entered on the strait and narrow path, and from that moment his conflict grows more and more exacting and bitter,—for in a world of wickedness it is hard for the individual to stand firm against the force of the vigorous and inveterate multitude. In the Valley of the Shadow of Death *Christian* fights against

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From a Photograph by White, N. Y.

TYRONE POWER AS *GIANT DESPAIR*, IN "THE CHRISTIAN PILGRIM"

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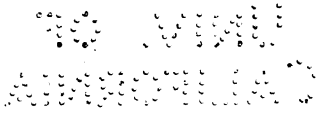

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Apollyon, and, after a terrific struggle, wounds and defeats him. In the episode of Vanity Fair,—where the playwright widely departs from his original,—the *Pilgrim* resists many allurements and baffles many insidious foes. Here it is *Christiana,* the wife of *Christian,* and not *Faithful,* who is subjected to trial, and the climax, instead of being a martyrdom of burning at the stake, is *Christian's* denunciation of *Hategood* and his myrmidons, succeeded by a terrific tempest of thunder and lightning, under cover of which the *Pilgrim* escapes, while the tyrant and his rabble are overwhelmed and discomfited. Thereupon follows the capture of *Christian* and *Faithful,* who have wandered away from the right path, and their incarceration by *Giant Despair* in one of the dungeons of Doubting Castle. Then is shown the wretched plight of those who have lost faith and hope, the temptation to suicide, the revival of belief and the escape from bondage. At the last *Christian* and *Faithful* come to the River of Death and, descending into its dark waters, they, one by one, disappear. The

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closing scene shows the Celestial City, bathed in golden light, and angels are placing crowns upon the heads of those warriors for righteousness who have fought the good fight, who have kept the faith, and who now are come into Heaven, "unspotted of the world." So the curtain falls and the final pageant disappears—

"Slowly, as out of the heavens, with apocalyptical splendors,
Sank the city of God, in the vision of John the Apostle."

Miss Crosman's impersonation of *Christian* evinced a clear purpose, clearly pursued, to incarnate religious ecstasy. The spirit of it was tender, sympathetic, sorrowful; the expression continuously earnest, at times despairing, at other times suddenly luminous with fiery enthusiasm;—as a whole, rounded, symmetrical, distinct and impressive. The poses, gestures, and vocalism, indeed, evinced a comprehension of deep, sad experience and an authoritative command of the means of expression such as the actress had not at any time as clearly signified.

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Power impersonated the four characters of *Beelzebub, Apollyon, Lord Hategood,* and *Giant Despair.* The first and second are identical. The third and fourth require discrimination. As a whole Power's achievement was instinct with alertness of lurid majesty and baleful malignity. His ideal of the *Fiend* evinced a vigorous imagination, deeply moved and fully aroused. The theory of the play is that the spirit of evil is incarnated in several forms. A certain sameness, accordingly, is admissible, throughout the several personalities that the actor assumed. Shades of difference, however, should be manifested, in the tyrant and the giant, and that difference was not sufficiently indicated in Power's performance. His presence and his acting in "The Christian Pilgrim" imparted ample authority and weird splendor to the entire representation.

"THE SERVANT IN THE HOUSE."—*ROBERT SMITH.*

On November 23, 1907, "The Christian Pilgrim," which had failed to win public favor, was withdrawn, and Power did not again act

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till March, 1908. On the 23rd he appeared at the Savoy Theatre, New York, in the character of *Robert Smith, the Drainman,* in a play called "The Servant in the House," by Mr. Charles Rann Kennedy, which, after performances in Baltimore and Washington, was then first produced in the metropolis. That composition, well calculated to please the audience fond of preaching, has since been made widely known throughout the country, and, because of Power's fine acting in it, has been highly successful. It contains a story, relative to three brothers, one an East Indian bishop, one a country parson, and one a scavenger. The scene is one room in the residence of the country clergyman, in England. This ecclesiastic is wedded to a worldly-minded woman, who dearly loves him and steadfastly labors to promote his advancement in the Church. He, meanwhile, is a sufferer from remorse,—reproaching himself for having, in his earlier years, neglected the welfare, physical and spiritual, of his younger brother. That wayward person had "taken to drink," dis-

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graced himself in the eyes of his relatives, and, on being repudiated and expelled, had become a vagabond and disappeared, leaving a motherless daughter, whom the repentant, grieving minister adopted and carefully reared. On this basis of circumstance the action proceeds, —involving the return of the vagabond, in the capacity of a "drainman," wishful to see his child,—and likewise the arrival at the country parsonage of the East Indian bishop, intent on restoring peace and concord in his divided and distressed family. The bishop comes in the assumed character of a butler, and as such is employed by his clerical brother, who does not recognize him. The butler's name is *Manson* (meaning "the Son of Man"), and in person and visage he is the exact counterpart of Jesus Christ, according to the generally accepted ideal portraits of the Messiah. The outcast brother, also unrecognized, comes as *The Drainman,* a coarse, dirty, combative, generally ill-conditioned person, who makes himself as offensive as possible, until regenerated by the rhapsodical discourse of his celestial

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relative from India. That ecclesiastic, emitting, with "a forty-parson power," the most irreproachable platitudes that mental mediocrity could devise and stodgy dulness admire concerning morality and the brotherhood of mankind, softens the obdurate heart of the outcast, and, with a mysterious demeanor which on the part of a butler in a middle-class English household might well be expected to work wonders, effects a spiritual regeneration of everybody in his neighborhood—with the single exception of the Episcopal bishop.

Viewed as a portrayal of actual life, "The Servant in the House" is incredible, but viewed as an allegory, blending incidents of domestic drama with religious precept and admonition, it is coherent and comprehensible, and likewise it is morally significant. There is one telling piece of equivoke in it, when the butler, the vagrant *Drainman* and a pious humbug, called the *Bishop of Lancaster*,—the latter being half deaf, half blind, and altogether mercenary, hypocritical, and contemptibly mean,—engage in a conversation, during which the *Lancaster*

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fraud, mistaking his interlocutors, reveals himself as a sacerdotal charlatan. A time-honored situation,—the meeting between the degraded father and his lovely daughter, only the father being aware of the identity of the child, while she regards him as a pitiable stranger,—is effectively employed in one scene and made to afford a fine opportunity for the actor of *The Drainman.* That situation, it will be remembered, was made wonderfully pathetic by Salvini, in "Morte Civile." Each of the salient characters is a personification of an abstract virtue or vice or some spiritual condition, and the fabric is thus permeated by symbolism, an attribute inappropriate to drama and generally wearisome in it. Attention is concentrated on a defective drain beneath the parson's house and church, from which miasma exudes, and finally it is made known that this drain originates in a sepulchre, under the church, full of corrupted corpses. Blended with that odoriferous expedient, the suggestion is made that any kind of falsehood underlying a human life must necessarily corrupt that life at its

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foundations,—a truth not entirely novel: it was far more dramatically expounded by Henry Arthur Jones, in his ingenious play of "Judah." Other kindred didacticisms are set forth, but the play does not contain even one idea that has not been hammered into velvet cushions and somnolent congregations by all the pulpit performers that ever assailed Satan since preaching became a custom.

The Indian *Bishop,* masquerading as a butler, is transparent, as, in a play, he should be, but his disguise would not, as he is made to conduct himself, conceal his identity from his relatives for even half an hour. *The Rev. Makeshyfte, Bishop of Lancaster,* is a caricature. There are clerical humbugs in great number, but they are always downy, and the worse they are the downier they become. That good old actor Arthur Lewis personated the *Bishop* with photographic fidelity to a definite ideal of a tricky, selfish man, artfully wearing a specious guise of respectability. In actual life, practically without exception, every man, no matter how bad, justifies himself *to* himself

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on some ground or other: Mr. Kennedy's hypocritical clergyman does not leave himself any ground—even the least—of self-justification.

As a sermon Mr. Kennedy's composition is unexceptional, saving only the incidental discourse in the last act on the profession of scavenger and on death and corruption,—which is sickening. The most creditable part of the piece is its rebuke of hypocrisy in the ecclesiastical organization. The author seems to have been prompted by an active antipathy to the Established Church of England and therewithal an ardent desire to free his mind on that subject. It has usually been believed that the charity of Christ extends to *all* sinners, but *Manson's* peremptory extrusion of the *Rev. Makeshyfte* would seem to imply that Episcopalian backsliders are exempted from it.

As a play "The Servant in the House" is ponderous and tiresome, and it would have failed but for the exceptionally good acting by which Power, supported by Mr. Lewis and Mr. Walter Hampden, interpreted it. Later, when its owner and manager, Mr. Henry

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Miller, tried the experiment of acting in it, as *The Drainman,* at the Grand Opera House, New York, it attracted no public support, and Mr. Miller retired from it after one week,—Power reappearing in the part. The reception accorded to it at the beginning of its career was peculiar. Many newspapers proclaimed, with almost hysterical fervor, that it was a work of transcendent value, the public being favored with much rhapsodical blather about "the spiritual gropings" revealed in it and being assured that it was "something unique in drama," a play "which drives home a moral lesson with tremendous effect," and a part of the religious section of the community rallied to it with an ardor as inconsistent as it was zealous. Various plays, even hinting at the introduction of Jesus Christ as an interlocutor, have been met with fervid protest from the religious community, yet here was a play covertly but unmistakably presenting Jesus Christ as a butler in an Englishman's house, admonishing a page not to steal the breakfast jam and referring equivocally to his crucifixion,—the

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From a Photograph by Sarony

TYRONE POWER AS *MISTER ROBERT SMITH*, IN "THE SERVANT IN THE HOUSE"

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wish having been expressed that he should be "nailed up,"—and no offence was found in it except by those eccentric reactionaries who object to insolent didactic and religious impartments from the Stage.

The principal part of the burden of this prolix, monotonous fabric of colloquy was borne by Power. His impersonation of *The Drainman,* revealing that vagrant as a wretched father, at first half-savage as the result of injustice, unkindness, trouble, and grief, then as tortured in mental and emotional self-conflict, and finally as heroic in self-conquest, was instantly successful. Stalwart in figure, pictorial in aspect, rugged in manner, bold in style, broad in gesture, various in vocalism, steadily propulsive in action, he made the part surprisingly graphic. I have seen no other contemporary actor who, liberating into the assumed identity the surge of profound emotion and abounding enthusiasm, could have done more to vitalize that character and cause it to seem possible, especially when animating the foggy fustian of the last act, and making

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it sound like an authentic outburst of passionate moral fervor. In the interview between the father and daughter Power manifested rare capability of simulating intense feeling and of being supremely pathetic by holding emotion in control.

With "The Servant in the House" Power remained connected,—first as one of Mr. Henry Miller's "Associate Players" (a designation borrowed from my published criticisms of acting), later as, practically, a star,—until the close of the season of 1909-'10. Then, weary, as he said, "of slopping 'round in drains and listening to hypocritical twaddle about brotherly love," he sought seclusion and rest in a cottage that he owned, near the Richelieu River, Canada. "'The Servant in the House,'" he wrote, "paid the debts lack of employment had piled on my back, and that means more thousands of dollars than I want to remember, but then I was left pretty nearly strapped again." In that distressful condition, he remained for more than a year.

Several proffered engagements in plays which

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he deemed unfit for the Stage were refused by him at this time, as also were several parts in which, as he expressed it, "I could not see myself." He also declined an offer of $30,000 to act in vaudeville theatres,—"play, production, and company found,"—rightly maintaining that the Variety Stage is inimical to the interests of the Legitimate Drama. "I may be driven to it, at last," he wrote, "in order to get clothing and food—but until I have no other resource I will not play on the same stage with trained fleas, performing pigs, and educated seals. I am an actor and an artist—not, perhaps, a very good one, but as good as I know how to be. Of course, the varieties are well enough, in some ways; many actors, doubtless much abler than I, act in them: but —not for me, while I can help it."

That is an honorable position for an actor to assume, evincing rightful respect for his profession and for himself, and it should command for him the respect of the community in which he labors. Many persons, in all vocations, readily deflect from principle for the sake of

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profit. Power had formed a high ideal and he was resolved to adhere to it. His fortitude, however, was now to be severely tried. Illness came upon him, and for some time he was almost disabled. His devoted wife,—his comforter and guide through many trials and hardships,—also broke down in health. Troubles, it has been noticed, seldom come singly. He again experienced the chilling blight of poverty; he came at last to a point where, "in order to get clothing and food," professional employment became imperative, and as soon as he had sufficiently recovered to be able to act he accepted an engagement, under the management of Mr. Joseph M. Gaites, to appear as a co-star with Miss Constance Collier in a play based on the novel by Anatole France, called "Thaïs"; and therein he incurred an experience almost as distasteful to him as an appearance in "the Varieties" would have been.

"THAÏS."—*DAMIEL, THE ANCHORITE.*

A dreary, worn-out subject was once more thrust upon the attention of the theatre-going

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public in that presentment of the platitudinous, sophistical composition—more spectacle than play—which was derived from M. France's story by Mr. Paul Wilstach. The *Thaïs* of this scissored novel should not be confounded with the Thaïs of history. She is a fictitious person, —though, in some respects, the person indicated might be said to be the historical Thaïs transferred into a time much later than her actual period. Her date is specified, in the novel on which the drama is founded, as about that of St. Anthony, who is said to have lived to the extraordinary age of 105 years, expiring A. D. 356. The *Thaïs* of the drama is depicted as a prosperous courtesan, endowed with all the attributes of the historic trollop of that name, who appears to have come from Corinth, who was the mistress of Alexander the Great, caused that martial and bibulous voluptuary to burn the city of Persepolis, and, after the death of Alexander, became the wife of Ptolemy, King of Egypt. Alexander's Thaïs, it will be remembered, was on hand at that luxurious feast imagined by the poet Dryden,

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where "she sat like a blooming Eastern bride," and to her fancied presence on that interesting occasion literature is indebted for the glowing assurance of the ardent bard that

"None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserve the fair!"

M. France's *Thaïs,* who has been produced in an opera (remarkable for its lack of Egyptian character and its inappropriate modern style) as well as in Mr. Paul Wilstach's play, is the concubine of a pecunious dandy, of the old Egyptian city of Alexandria, named *Nicias,* and she is said to be the idol of the entire population of that city,—consisting, as it did at the time indicated, of about three hundred thousand free inhabitants and about an equal number of slaves. The Christian religion,—unknown in the period of the historic Thaïs,—making its appearance in the time of the Roman Emperor Tiberius, A. D. 14-37, had, in the course of three centuries and a half, extended over a considerable area, and the

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From a Photograph by White, N. Y.

TYRONE POWER AS *DAMIEL,* IN "THAÏS"

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Theban Anthony and his numerous imitators, striving, as Byron long afterward happily phrased it, "to merit heaven by making earth a hell," had established many monastic houses in the desert places of northern Africa. In this tale one of those imitators, called by M. France *Paphnutius* and by Mr. Wilstach *Damiel,* established his residence in the desert of Nitria (called in the play the Theban desert), contiguous to Alexandria, allowed his hair and beard to attain a profuse growth, his person to become dirty (warm baths were expressly forbidden to the early Christians, and later ones, of the Athanasian and even of the Becket period, do not appear to have been addicted to ablution), and himself to lapse into a condition of grim fanaticism. He had, however, seen and admired the voluptuous *Thaïs,* and he found himself unable to discard the remembrance of her beauty. In brooding on that subject he presently persuaded himself that it was essential to convert her to Christianity and thus save her soul, and, actuated by the avowed desire to accomplish that object, he repaired

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to Alexandria, and with the mirthfully contemptuous assistance of her current paramour, *Nicias,* formerly one of his acquaintances, obtained access to her presence. At first, after she had, in a lascivious and unbecoming manner, festooned herself all around his person, his spiritual appeal was angrily repulsed, but later, for no manifest reason except that he had portentously rumbled forth a statement of his intention to "wait," she accompanied him into the desert and was consigned to a convent, where she sickened and presently expired,—dying immediately upon being apprised by him that, after all, it was not her soul that he wanted to save, but her person that he desired to possess. In other words, *Damiel,* striving all the while to remain faithful as a monk, was, nevertheless, one of the infatuated lovers of the notorious harlot, and the purpose of this play (supposing that there was any purpose in writing it, other than theatrical speculation in the book and the opera from which it was derived) was to illustrate a conflict between asceticism and carnalism, in the

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mind and person of an unfortunate, weak, misguided, miserable man,—a compound, as all such eroto-maniacs are, of the fool and the fanatic, and urgently in need of medical care. Authentic history is not silent as to the proceedings of the inmates of those ancient African "religious" retreats, and incidentally it may be mentioned, as instructively germane to the subject, that the maintenance of as many as six vestal virgins was found, in ancient Rome, to be a task of considerable difficulty.

Damiel, in the story of this play,—which is a trite story and is told by the playwright in a bald, insipid manner,—tried to be an anchorite and failed in his endeavor, and the meaning of the whole rigmarole,—in as far as it means anything,—is that unless a man prefers and elects to follow the example of Father Origen he should live in conformity with the physical laws of Nature and the moral laws which are implanted in his conscience. No reason was made apparent why such commonplace stuff as this play, which was rendered notable only by reason of some gaudy scenery and an

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immodest exposure of the female person, should have been set before the public. No one is ever benefited by being informed that all human beings, not excepting anchorites and vestals, are more or less subject to animal impulses and the sway of the senses. That fact is known to everybody; and it is also known that those persons are wise who, as Emerson well enjoined, "hold fast by the intellect." Mr. Wilstach's tedious, tainted epitome of M. France's novel only once more flaunted the old, familiar, specious, hypocritical pretence of teaching a "moral lesson" by showing a disgusting spectacle of female depravity and commingled masculine infatuation and debauchery.

As a play the fabric is contemptible. It lacks action. It does not contain even one essentially dramatic situation. The incidents of it are hackneyed and trivial. The dialogue, part of which is reproduced or paraphrased from the translation of the novel, is generally vapid, pointless, and ineffective—a tissue of mere chatter; and furthermore the story is, substantially, a feeble echo of a narrative previously made

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far too familiar on our Stage. Mme. Bernhardt long ago regaled the public with an unclean and almost blasphemous drama called "Izeyl," in which a courtesan, represented by herself, vainly fondled and tempted a holy man, and when moribund was apprised by him that although he had resisted her enticements he had not been insensible to them—so that she was enabled to expire in an exceedingly gratified and edifying frame of mind.

Mention has somewhere been made of an old bachelor who, unaccustomed to the theatre, chanced to attend a performance in which a peculiarly frank display was made of "the female form divine," and who was heard to exclaim, in dismayed surprise, "Bless my soul! I haven't seen such a spectacle since I was weaned!" The spectacle presented by Miss Constance Collier as *Thaïs* when, in association with Power, she appeared in this play might well have caused some such startled exclamation. That actress seemed intent to substitute for dramatic talent a copious revelation of her mature physical charms, and her exhibition of

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them was certainly sufficiently liberal to assuage public curiosity on that subject—if any ever existed. In her acting Miss Collier, who has had experience enough to invest her with assurance and self-possession, displayed a singular inefficiency, for even in the easy scene in which *Thaïs* endeavors to allure and sensually tempt the hermit *Damiel,* while frankly immodest, she evinced complete incapability of a seductive use of feminine fascinations. Her demeanor, as the vain, luxurious wanton, surrounded by flatterers, implicated much lethargic posturing and curvetting and much grimacing, and her affected recitation of some rickety verses made known her remembrance of the abominable elocutionary style of the English actor Herbert Beerbohm-Tree. Her invariably commonplace performance was rounded by a conventional death scene,—*Thaïs* expiring, in white robes, under a tree, C., in a bright limelight. Miss Collier in a good part might, perhaps, reveal herself as an able actress. As *Thaïs,*—not a good part, since it consists solely of affectation, petulance, and lachrymose lassi-

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tude,—she contrived to keep any ability she may possess entirely concealed. *Thaïs* is a part in which any actress might blush to appear, and perhaps this one did: but she took care not to "blush unseen."

The sole public gain from the presentment of "Thaïs,"—dramatically flimsy and stupid and morally reprehensible,—was that it brought Tyrone Power once more conspicuously upon the scene. His assumption of the hirsute fanatic, *Damiel,*—whose occupation is to assume a portentous and awful aspect and to express by a demeanor that is sometimes austere, sometimes sullen, and sometimes savagely frenzied, the fact that he is enduring anguish,—was, for such an actor, "a property of easiness." He delivered a number of commonplace speeches with a sonority of voice and a sincerity and solemnity of manner which caused them to seem freighted with significance. His embodiment, by reason of authoritative individuality and sustained gravity, was deeply impressive, but he could not,—nor could any actor,—raise a level, murky, monotonous, uninteresting,

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repellent part to the height of torrid passion and radiant grandeur. *Damiel* throughout the four acts of this play is either lamenting, or preaching, or raving. He is supposed to be convulsed and rent, mentally, spiritually, and sensually, between love of God and love of *Thaïs,* but no veritable opportunity is provided for the actor to express this conflict: all that he does must, in this part, originate in himself. Power, endowing the character with his commanding personality and thus, to some extent, making it an august and stately figure, suggested the magnetic quality of a great man in dead earnest,—such a man, for example, as Edward Irving, the preacher, can be conjectured to have been; such a man as Daniel Webster certainly was, who impressed the observer, even though he said nothing,—and he infused it with deep if turgid emotion, vitalized it with propulsive purpose, and at the termination of the play, when the anchorite, in a frenzy, bursts his bonds and vociferates his seething passion into the ears of the dying *Thaïs,* caused one vivid, striking, momentary effect of natural

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eloquence and wild abandonment. No actor could do more with such a part.

The appearance of Power in "Thaïs,"—exemplifying the distasteful, embittering, saddening experience to which many actors who are earnest, devoted, ambitious, and sincere are subjected,—was melancholy indeed. The subtle injury that is done by the representation of plays of which "Thaïs" is a type cannot be fully and explictly stated without offence: all the plain truth, going straight to the root of the matter, cannot be published in books for general circulation: but it is the duty of every conscientious writer to indicate the trend of a pernicious influence inevitably sequent on the abuse of the Stage for the obtrusion of a gross subject and the making of an exhibition positively and unquestionably injurious in its influence. It has been scientifically estimated that one-third of the time allotted to human life is absorbed, in one way or another, by consideration of the sexual relation;—that is, since another third is devoted to sleep, nearly one-half the period of conscious life. There surely

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is no need of directing the public mind to that subject; no need of artificially focusing attention on what Emerson designated "the much over-freighted instinct." There is, on the contrary, great need of stimulating public attention to other matters. Any institution becomes a public enemy when it is perverted to ministration of licentious impulse. An actress who, in a semi-nude condition, presents herself to observation, through the medium of a vision seen by a stage associate supposed to be convulsed by erotic delirium, knows what she is doing and why she is doing it, and also knows that her audience is equally perceptive and appreciative of her conduct. The actress in the specific case of "Thaïs" did not present an enticing spectacle, since "Nature's above art, in that respect," but that fact does not in the least modify or extenuate the impropriety of such proceedings. The plea of "a good moral purpose,"—that old butt-end of didactic imposture,—to vindicate a work in which such an exhibition is obviously and incontestably the whole substance, does not deceive any intelli-

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Photograph by Morrison

EDITH CRANE, MRS. POWER

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gent observer, and it is wholly inadmissible as a defence of conduct manifestly indelicate and mischievous.

The production of "Thaïs," nevertheless, met with a considerable measure of success because of Power's appearance in it, and presentations of that piece, "on the road," then in New York, at the Criterion Theatre, and later again on tour, continued for some time, and Power's participation in them was profitable in a monetary way. In December, 1911, the "Thaïs" company was disbanded and he returned to New York, where, on January 3, 1912, a cruel affliction befell him, in the sudden death of his wife, Edith Crane, subsequent to a surgical operation, performed for the removal of a tumor near the heart. The operation was thought to have been successful, but Mrs. Power's strength was unequal to the ordeal and she did not rally from the shock. Within a few days of this bereavement Power was compelled, in fulfilment of contracts previously made, to begin, under the management of Mr. Gaites, a starring tour in "The Servant in the House,"

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which lasted until April 20, 1912, when it was terminated, in Detroit.

"JULIUS CÆSAR."—*MARCUS BRUTUS.*

On October 7, that year, at Toronto, Canada, Power gave the most important performance of his career, thus far, when he appeared as *Marcus Brutus,* in Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar," acting in association with Mr. Frank Keenan as *Cassius,* and William Faversham as *Marc Antony.*

Next to "Hamlet" and "The Merchant of Venice," "Julius Cæsar" has, in recent years, been the most popular of Shakespeare's plays, and there is no drama in the legitimate repertory which at a time of social discontent and seething unrest, such as the present indubitably is, would make an equally forcible appeal to general public sympathy, or, because of its clear exposition and fervent advocacy of popular rights, exert as strong an influence for the general good. Celebration of freedom and rebuke of violence were never more timely and welcome, and Faversham could not have chosen

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more wisely than he did when he determined to revive this tragedy.

"Julius Cæsar," one of the most sublime works in the English language, disputes with "Richard the Second" and "King John" the title to preëminence in the quality of eloquence, and, among the tragedies, it comes next after "Othello," in the element of action. It thrills the imagination and it fires the mind with vital thoughts of liberty; it presents heroic pictures of an imposing, ancient civilization; it causes impressive pageants of actual Roman life to pass before the vision, in one long, glowing, symmetrical array of royal pomp, moving majestically onward to a melancholy but splendid close; and it enforces an abiding sense of that inevitable, terrible retribution which, in the inscrutable moral government of the world, is, sooner or later, meted out to the doers of murder.

The incidents of the play are numerous, varied, and startling, and are fraught with dramatic significance. The temptation of the heroic *Brutus* and his agony of mental conflict,

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in the struggle of that divided devotion which loves not *Cæsar* less but Rome more; the keen prescience and ruthless purpose of the fanatic *Cassius,* and his miserable fate; the atmosphere of dread and of breathless suspense which hovers round the midnight conspiracy to commit a fearful crime; the grim and awful deed of assassination of imperial *Cæsar;* the agonized passion and the insidious craft of the subtle *Antony;* the conflictive appeals, one for pacific control, the other for fiery incitement, of the Roman multitude; the dangerous quarrel and the touching reconciliation of the two insurgent chiefs; the heart-breaking farewell of *Brutus* and *Cassius,* each oppressed by secret, dark presentiment of ruin and death; the vicissitudes and horrors of the battlefield; and the successive suicides of the defeated generals, bearing the supreme monition that inexorable Justice will ever condemn and punish the effort that tries to do good by means that are evil,—all those ingredients of a wonderful play are shown by the dramatist with such felicity of artistic exhibition, aided by language of such copious

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force and entrancing beauty that, once apprehended, they dwell in memory forever.

No scenic garniture of "Julius Cæsar" as correct, spacious, and imposing as that made by Edwin Booth,—afterward utilized by his brother Junius, and, later, by Jarrett and Palmer,—has since been shown on the American Stage. The presentments by Louis James and Frederick Warde were utilitarian. The one made by Richard Mansfield, while magnificent, was not original and not invariably correct,—important parts of the scenery and costumes having been derived from Henry Irving's setting of "Coriolanus," at the London Lyceum Theatre, April 15, 1901, which Mansfield purchased. That of Robert Mantell (whose *Brutus* stands high in the annals of acting) was overlaid with garish ornament. Faversham's production,—the scenic investiture of which was executed by Mr. Joseph Harker, after designs made by the late Alma-Tadema for Beerbohm-Tree, and for which incidental music was especially composed by Coleridge-Taylor and Christopher Wilson, is, in the main,

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appropriate and effective. It excludes the masses of carpentry that usually burden and hamper revivals of the classic plays and depends mainly on good painting, most of which is displayed on drops. In this respect Faversham has wisely followed the example of Henry Irving, who, using painted drops, often created superb effects by surprisingly simple means.

Faversham's revival of "Julius Cæsar," which has already been seen in many cities and which, ultimately, will be made familiar throughout the length and breadth of America, has been much, sometimes even extravagantly, extolled: it is among younger theatre-goers accepted as a standard, and judicial examination of it is, accordingly, desirable. His arrangement of the text follows Edwin Booth's "Prompt Book," but is disfigured by some injudicious restorations, excisions, and innovations, made by himself. A usual managerial error is here again exemplified,—that in reviving a Shakespearean play novelty of treatment is imperative. That notion is as foolish as a search would be for new sunlight to illumine the marbles of Michael

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Angelo. The essential requirement in presenting a Shakespearean play is Dramatic Art,—the capability of assuming, exhibiting, and making actual the massive and complete ideals of character in which that marvellous writer has delineated the whole of human nature. Great *Acting* is the originality that should be sought,—not the paltry novelty of a restoration of needless lines or the introduction of crotchets of stage business. And, as the acting in Faversham's revival of "Julius Cæsar" is, with little exception, intellectual, earnest, and sympathetic, it is deplorable that fine effect should have been marred by indiscreet stage-management.

Experience has proved the wisdom of closing the Assassination Scene with *Antony's* passionate, prophetic speech, when left alone with the corpse of *Cæsar*. Faversham not only restored the unnecessary colloquy between the *Servant* and *Antony*, but introduced the widowed *Calphurnia*, distracted in speechless grief, in order to make a picture. The effect was that of anti-climax.

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The Quarrel Scene between *Brutus* and *Cassius* was seriously marred by the expedient of showing both the men in armor. The meeting of *Brutus* and *Cassius* at Sardis,—in the play as written,—occurs in front of the Tent, into which they enter, and then their colloquy ensues. In representation in the modern Theatre a far finer effect is caused by showing *Brutus* in his Tent, attired as a military officer naturally would be when resting, and causing *Cassius,* who comes at the head of his horsemen, to enter, precipitately, in full martial accoutrement, impatiently and injudiciously ejaculating his impetuous anger. The calm majesty of *Brutus,* subduing but not concealing a noble resentment, and the fiery wrath of *Cassius* are contrasted in that scene, and the force of the contrast would be heightened by dissimilarity of their garb. Bigoted deference to tradition is foolish, but customs which have been tried and proved should not be lightly discarded. Innovation merely for the sake of seeming to be novel is unwise.

In the Apparition Scene as treated by

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From a Photograph by Otto Sarony

TYRONE POWER AS *MARCUS BRUTUS*, IN "JULIUS CÆSAR"

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Faversham the part of *Brutus* is foolishly subordinated to the part of the *Ghost* and to the mechanical trick of the appearance of that phantom. The time is midnight. *Brutus* is trying to compose his mind by reading, before, —in his own phrase,—he shall "niggard the necessity of nature with a little rest." The intention of the scene is to impart that chill of dread which, in superstitious belief, widely prevalent in the time when Shakespeare wrote and not yet entirely extinct, always accompanies ghostly visitation. *Brutus,* an imaginative man, of sensitive temperament, becomes vaguely and fearfully conscious of a strange influence, a preternatural presence, and, in stage representation, as he looks up from his book he should see the *Ghost of Cæsar* before it is seen by the spectators in the theatre, and his face should be visible to them, in order that they can see and feel the effect produced on him by the apparition. In Faversham's arrangement of the scene *Cæsar's Ghost,* unspiritual and commonplace, appears at the rear of the stage, behind *Brutus,* who, accordingly,

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must turn his back toward the audience, in order to see it. No atmosphere of awe and terror, such as the poet designed, could possibly be created under those conditions, and Power, as *Brutus,* did not, because he could not, cause the thrilling effect which otherwise he might have produced.

It is not mechanical ingenuity in the disclosure of a phantom, nor is it the ghastly visage and sepulchral voice of that phantom's gloomy representative, that imparts the significance and inspires the emotion incident to that awful moment; it is expression of the agonized shock that the ghost of a murdered man inflicts on the soul and body of his murderer. Otherwise the spectre would be superfluous. Richard Mansfield, an imaginative actor, discarded the visible ghost,—as Kemble, and others following him, had done, in "Macbeth,"—and depended solely on his acting for achievement of the essential artistic result.

If Faversham's production of "Julius Cæsar" had been less important and meritorious, there would have been no reason for allusion to its

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defects. It is a worthy revival of a noble play that the ambitious actor has made, and his work should be rendered as nearly perfect as possible. The spirit manifested by him, and likewise by his associates in the enterprise, is in the highest degree honorable and commendable. The venture establishes Faversham's title to recognition as a leading manager in the American Theatre, and it should bring him fortune as well as fame.

In every representation of "Julius Cæsar" attention necessarily centres on *Antony, Cassius,* and *Brutus,* who are delineated with such amplitude that they overshadow all the associate characters. Even *Cæsar,* the central figure,—being the object of the whole conspiracy,—is dwarfed by the superior distinction of his assailants. In the play of "Antony and Cleopatra" the greatness of *Antony's* complex character has become developed. In that of "Julius Cæsar" it is only indicated. For an actor that part, in this play, is comparatively simple. *Antony* is strong, formidable, sagacious, crafty; concealing his mental powers

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beneath a genial, blithe exterior. Though "a masker and a reveller," he is a shrewd contriver and a clever, dangerous demagogue. He seems careless and reckless, but he really is astute. His love for *Cæsar* is sincere, but it is not disinterested. In the poignant surge of his grief over the corpse of the murdered Consul he can still be politic. In his insidiously adroit inflammatory harangue, when showing *Cæsar's* butchered body, he can, and does, use even the sincerity of his anguish to direct and intensify his appeal to the rage of the multitude. His potentiality of deceit, treachery, and cruelty is particularly shown in the scene, always omitted, in which he flippantly condemns his nephew to death, and, after sending *Lepidus* on an errand, advises *Octavius* how to extirpate that official associate. He mourns for *Cæsar,* but he is thriftily willing to refrain from payment of the much extolled bequests of that lamented friend. *Antony,* though he be not worth a hair of the head of *Brutus* or of old *Cassius,* is the most *brilliant* person in the play.

William Faversham, although for a long time

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visible in our Theatre, had been identified with romantic lovers and social gentlemen, in such plays as "Under the Red Robe," "Lord and Lady Algy," "Imprudence," and "Brother Officers." His first important tragic venture was made in Stephen Phillips's "Herod," and his artistic success was creditable, in a play containing only one really effective passage. His appearance as *Antony* has been observed with deep interest and well-merited admiration. His athletic person is exactly suited to the part. His manly bearing and buoyant, cheery aspect, in the Lupercal Scene, were exactly consonant with those of *Antony.* His passion, in the lament over the dead *Cæsar,* was completely simulated and truly pathetic. His simplicity and candor, in the plausible compact with the conspirators, were thoroughly well assumed, and the lapse that *Antony* makes into grief and lamentation was expertly managed, so as to cause the effect of natural conduct. His utterance of the wild and terrible prophecy of "blood and destruction" was fluent, vociferous, and fraught with fiery energy, and he spoke

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the blank verse with unexpected felicity of modulation. That passage is, for *Antony,* the most exacting in the play, since it is a climax which must surpass the preceding climax of the assassination of *Cæsar* and must augment an excitement already hysterical.

Faversham's delivery of *Antony's* funeral speech was skilfully diversified by expressive changes of tone and of facial expression, together with an expert use of inflection, gesture, and pause. The exposition of actual sorrow permeated by artifice was, indeed, specially ingenious, and the use of the expedient of transparency (by which an actor shows the capability of seeming to be one thing to his associates on the scene and simultaneously the same and yet a different thing to the spectators in the theatre) was adroit and highly effective. The personation somewhat lacked inherent patrician quality, and at moments the actor evinced an inappropriate peculiarity of deportment which might almost be called supercilious. All the same, his performance of *Antony* proved a delightful surprise,—an extraordinary effort,

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a worthy and auspicious achievement, and it has met with general commendation.

Cassius, immeasurably superior to *Antony,* is, notwithstanding his austerity, also a more immediately interesting and attractive person than *Brutus,* because less nearly perfect. He is highly intellectual, self-contained, ascetic; a deep thinker, a close observer; reclusive, grim of aspect, and, usually, frigid in demeanor; but intrinsically he is a good man, honest, just, and kind; a man whom *Brutus* loves, and for whom *Titinius* dies, committing suicide in order to follow his dead leader. In his colossal pride of intellect *Cassius* seems to censure *Brutus* for yielding to the persuasion of another person, even though that other is himself, but his design and endeavor to win his friend's concurrence in the conspiracy against *Cæsar* are, in his view, virtuous, not evil. He acts from a profound conviction that he is doing right, that his cause is just, and that the assassination of *Cæsar* will save the Roman people from the impending rule of a despot. There is no Mephistophelian taint in either his mind

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or his conduct. *Brutus* has already perceived that *Cæsar* is a danger to the freedom of Rome, and is already brooding over the apparent necessity that *Cæsar* should die.

Cassius, indeed, can be personally resentful, can hate and scorn the individual *Cæsar,* and therein he lacks the magnanimity of *Brutus.* Yet he is of a noble nature, and he grandly proves it, in the hour of his tragic death. He is an authentic moral enthusiast. His practical wisdom is unerring, and it would appear that but for his admiration and love of *Brutus,* which make him deferential, his wisdom would have crowned him with success. Three times he yields his judgment to that of *Brutus,* whom he reveres, and each time, in doing so, he makes a fatal mistake for their cause,—sparing the life of *Antony,* whom he knows to be dangerous; permitting that secret, wily foe to harangue the multitude over *Cæsar's* corpse; and descending to encounter the army of young *Octavius* and *Marc Antony* at Philippi, instead of awaiting attack, secure on the heights of Sardis. In the self-torturing spirit of *Cassius* there is a

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sufficient cause for an emaciated aspect and a nervous manner, but the tremendous will of the man holds his mind and body in restraint, certainly until the awful hour when he plunges his dagger into *Cæsar's* heart, and at all times, notwithstanding a splenetic temper and the flaws and gusts of passion, he retains his austere character.

Frank Keenan, who, in Faversham's production, appeared as *Cassius,* is an actor of marked ability, proved many times and in many characters, but not in Shakespearean tragedy and not in any form of poetic drama,—to which, indeed, he has, as *Cassius,* shown himself to be unsuited, alike in mental quality, person, voice, and style. The part of *Cassius* being apparently new to him, it is probable that his ideal of it had not become definitely formed. As exhibited it was seen, wherever it became intelligible, to be radically wrong, and the method of its expression, in as far as it possessed method, was grotesquely extravagant. The person presented as *Cassius* was crack-brained, malignant, turbulent, addicted to bom-

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bastic utterance and fantastic gesticulation, a "plug-ugly," and a spouter. Concentration of mind, for which *Cassius* is remarkable, was indicated, and therein lay the chief merit of this performance; but the actor was abrupt and harsh where he should have been fervidly passionate; spasmodic where he should have been intense; slow where he should have been torrentially swift; artificial where he should have been pathetic; and his rough delivery of Shakespeare's verse marred its melody. *Cassius* is fanatical in his love of freedom and hate of tyranny, and fiery in temper, but those facts afford no warrant for gyration and bluster in the stage representative of him. It is not readily comprehensible that an actor of much talent and experience should thus misinterpret a character of which the quality and constituents are obvious. Perhaps some notion of being what is called "natural" in treatment of a poetic part may have prompted Mr. Keenan's singular exhibition of mistaken judgment and erratic procedure. He exhibited great energy, earnestness, and force, but nearly everything

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he did was wrong and over-done, and there was no definite, fixed purpose apparent in his wild gesture and feverish prodigality of exertion and vociferation. His exuberant and empirical conduct not only marred his own part in the tragedy, but to some extent embarrassed his associates. *Cassius* is the mainspring of the action of this play, and the personation of him is vitally important to its complete dramatic effect. Mr. Keenan's performance, it is just to add, while, to me, it seemed a desecration, has pleased some of his auditors, and has been to some extent approved.

If it be true,—as indisputably it is,—that in every presentation of "Julius Cæsar" attention necessarily centres on *Antony, Cassius,* and *Brutus,* it is equally true that,—however the more brilliant, showy qualities of the others may gain instant popular applause,—sympathy, respect, and affection ultimately bestow themselves more on *Brutus* than on either his brother-in-arms or his wily foe. This has been demonstrated over and over again. When John Philip Kemble and Charles Mayne Young

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acted *Brutus* and *Cassius,* in London, more than a century ago, Young, as *Cassius,* captured rapt attention at first, but in a few nights the majesty of Kemble, exhibiting the humanity and poetry that are in *Brutus,* completely overshadowed and eclipsed him. When Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett,—the latter being the greatest representative of *Cassius* who has appeared within the last sixty years and, as nearly as I can ascertain, the greatest that ever lived,—acted these parts together, Booth, as *Brutus,* eliciting all the sweetness, tenderness, heroism, and beauty that are in the character, while he could not eclipse Barrett's *Cassius,* nevertheless predominated in the esteem and affection of the public. This, which has been proved true in many antecedent performances of "Julius Cæsar," proved true in Faversham's revival. As Richard Mansfield wrote to me: "After all, *Brutus* is the *man!*" An aggressively assertive, obnoxiously obtrusive *Cassius;* a brilliant, elaborate, highly effective *Antony;* injudicious, restrictive stage-direction and stage settings, and, at two vital points, insufficient

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light, could not and did not change this result. The stage-management of the two essential scenes, for *Brutus,* in Faversham's revival was extraordinarly bad: had it been deliberately intended to "kill" the performance of *Brutus* it could not have been more ingeniously harmful and wrong. Faversham is known,—and he is known to be a generous, sympathetic actor, incapable of envy and the meanness that envy inspires. The fact remains, however, that the Garden Scene, in his production, as shown in New York, was so restricted by badly devised scenery, and so obscured by bad lighting, as to lay a disheartening and needless blight on the actors in it, and especially on Power. The Tent Scene, which ought to occupy the whole stage, and which assuredly should be so illuminated that, in the Quarrel, every variation of expression, every look, should be visible, was set as, practically, a front-scene,—there being only about eight feet between the back drop and the footlights; and moreover it was crowded and cluttered, and so dimly lit that, except for persons in the foremost seats, much of the facial

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expression of Power and Mr. Keenan was absolutely invisible. Those facts, and the preposterous placing of the *Ghost of Cæsar* behind *Brutus,* should be remembered and considered in estimating the accomplishment of Power in this difficult part, under most disadvantageous conditions. I hear, from time to time, a tediously abundant detraction of the methods of an earlier period in our Theatre (largely from persons who know little about dramatic methods that are contemporary and nothing about those which are remote), coupled with assurance that the Present is, in all ways, superior to the Past. Perhaps it is: but I know that if Edwin Booth's stage had been so badly managed that the *Ghost of Cæsar* could have been seen standing behind a "transparency," in the stout person of Charles Kemble Mason, before the moment for the proper revelation of that phantom, public and press alike would have resented the bungling as unpardonable: yet, in Faversham's production, that spirit, in the material form of Mr. Fuller Mellish, was plainly discernible in the background some

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minutes before it ought to have become visible.

A sympathetic and true performance of *Brutus* depends more on condition than on execution. He is designated "the noblest Roman of them all." He is the incarnation of integrity. His mind is noble, his spirit gentle, his personality massive, his life pure, his demeanor simple. He is widely known to his countrymen, and he is known only to be honored. His solicitude is not for himself but for the general welfare. He is a student of philosophy, a thinker on the mystery of life and death, and there is something of the mental quality of *Hamlet* in his nature. The all-pervading qualities of his character are honor and magnanimity. He is neither brilliant nor ostentatious, but he is intrinsically grand, and he impresses by what he *is* more than by what he *does*. The part, accordingly, is exceedingly difficult of representation, and few actors have succeeded in truly representing it.

The choice of Power for *Brutus* proved eminently wise and fortunate. His impersonation of the noblest Roman was a triumphant suc-

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cess. It does not possess the melancholy beauty and the perfect elocution that made Edwin Booth's *Brutus* a marvel of acting, but it is true to the poet's conception, it is saturated with the actor's strong and original personality, it is characterized by inherent and potent charm, and, while duly observant of good tradition, it is not, in any particular, an imitation. Power was seen to possess qualifications, both mental and physical, admirably fitting him for the part of the illustrious conspirator,—commanding stature, stately demeanor, deliberate movement, an expressive countenance, an intense and acutely sensitive temperament, a deep, resonant, melodious voice, the involuntary repose which accompanies strength, and the mental self-possession which can maintain complete control over passionate feeling.

In *Brutus,* with whom deliberation is temperamental, a certain uniformity of bearing is not only appropriate but essential. Except at the climax of the Assassination, at that of the Ghost Scene, and momentarily in the Quarrel, his massive reticence is steadily preserved.

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From a Photograph by Otto Sarony

TYRONE POWER AS *MARCUS BRUTUS*, IN "JULIUS CÆSAR"

"That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon!"

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Monotony of style, therefore, is not a detriment to Power's assumption of this character. His natural dignity and observant, anxious calm, in the opening conversation with *Cassius* and *Casca,* indicated, at the outset, his perception of the quality of the part. His revealment of the tortured mind of *Brutus,* wherein patriotism contends with friendship, in the Garden Scene, was truthful and deeply touching,—although the meditative soliloquy ("It must be by his death," etc.) had been ruthlessly cut and practically spoiled. He rose splendidly from watchful self-restraint to wild, passionate excitement at the culmination of the violent murder. His stern predominance and flickering anger, in the Quarrel Scene, were finely illuminative of the character, and in the parting scene between *Brutus* and *Cassius* he touched the heart by spontaneous expression of that deep tenderness, that humanity, and that unaffected, lovely, winning simplicity which no man can show who does not possess those qualities. His excellence in the pathetic passages was unequivocal. His personation of *Brutus* will, undoubtedly,

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undergo changes and will in time mature, but already it is massive in form, deeply fraught with feeling, heroic in conception, and the most consistent and sympathetic in expression that has been shown in America within the last twenty years, and therefore it merits the heartiest recognition in this chronicle of an auspicious actor's life.

CONCLUSION.—THE NEW LEADER.

It seemed to me, after seeing Power's remarkably fine performance of *Brutus* and calling to mind the many excellent performances by which it had been preceded, that he had merited a more substantial recognition than had been accorded to him,—that he was destined to be the leader of the Legitimate American Stage; and it was under the impulse of that impression that I determined to write a narrative of his career and a summary of his achievements and character as known to me. It is at once the privilege and the duty of the critic to discern and welcome superior talents, to foster their growth and development, and to

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encourage and cheer their possessor. The actor who truly succeeds, winning enduring reputation, does so by virtue of his ability and accomplishment, not by reason of anything written about him. Advocacy of his merits, however, can help him to obtain opportunity and to some extent,—in the bitter, tumultuous strife of theatrical competition,—can smooth his way to general understanding and support, before the leaden weight of age and disappointment makes opportunity useless. Power has shown himself artistically competent to lead, and if he continues to pursue the worthily ambitious and right purpose by which his industry has hitherto been guided he will, I believe, one day stand without a rival in the American Theatre, at the head of his profession as a tragic actor.

Conjecture as to the future of the Stage is interesting to persons who enjoy the art of acting and wish that it should be fostered. Something of the future can be divined, through recollection of the past. In each successive period in the history of our Theatre some one actor of predominant personal charm, excep-

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tional equipment, and indomitable energy has surpassed competitors, attained to eminence, and animated and colored the contemporary activities of the Stage by the thrill of his potent individuality and the influence of his peculiar style in art. In the early days of the American Theatre the versatile John Hodgkinson reigned. Then the handsome, mellifluous Cooper became sovereign,—his empire being only temporarily disputed by the erratic Fennell, the fiery, semi-insane Cooke, and the meteoric Edmund Kean. The elder Booth came next,—a dramatic genius of the highest order,—who might long have ruled but for the infirmities that enfeebled his sway and but for the rapid rise of the stalwart, imperial Edwin Forrest, the first great tragedian of American birth, who firmly seized the crown and for many years retained it. Edwin Booth, a finer, gentler spirit, speaking through a more beautiful method of art, succeeded Forrest, and, though emulated by Wallack, Murdoch, Davenport, Barrett, and McCullough, was dominant for a generation. The sceptre that fell from the dying hand of Edwin Booth

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was grasped and wielded by that strange, original, elusive genius, Richard Mansfield. In recent years Robert Mantell has worn the purple,—no actor except Edward H. Sothern conspicuously disputing his supremacy.

What change is at hand in the condition of our Stage, and who will be the ruling spirit of it within the next few years? That the present condition of it will not much longer endure is obvious. My reading and my observation teach me that, in every period, the sceptre of leadership in the esteem of the people is bestowed on the actor who excels in the great legitimate plays. Trashy pieces are shown by scores, but in this, as in all things, "the many fail, the one succeeds." I do not fail to perceive the frequent popularity, in the metropolis of the Western World, of such trash as "Oh, Oh, Delphine," "Roly-Poly," "Wishy-Washy," and "Blithering Drivel." But those commentators who estimate the trend of American public taste by the popularity of such productions do not observe theatrical affairs with a wide, comprehensive gaze,

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for they neglect to consider two vitally important facts: there is in New York City a large public of desirable theatre-goers which has been practically alienated from regular theatre-going by certain peculiar practices of theatrical management, and, though New York City is important, this is a nation of one hundred million persons, and in the Middle West and West and in the Canadian Northwest there is a vast and wealthy population, keenly interested in the Theatre, which is so little "advanced" as not yet to know that virtue and vice are synonymous and that tinkling trash expounded by bare-legged, bare-backed females is superior to drama and acting. That population is heartily sick of the theatrical exhibits of triviality. The Stage must subsist by Acting. Who, then, in the time to come, will lead the way? Who will restore the golden day of Wallack, Forrest, Davenport, Booth, and Irving? Edward Willard, a great actor, might have done this, but he long ago retired. Mr. Sothern has signified his purpose to retire at no distant day, and being in his fifty-fifth year he is likely

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to fulfil that purpose. Robert Mantell, who is in his sixtieth year and has made no addition to his splendid repertory since his production of "King John," in the season of 1907-'08, probably will soon prefer tranquillity and a well-earned repose to the nomadic life of a wandering star. John Drew, a man of sixty, has "flung away ambition" and is content to repeat, from year to year, the same pleasing exhibition of his silvery skill as a light comedian. John Mason, a superb actor of the school of William Warren and Joseph Jefferson, shows no inclination toward the great legitimate drama or toward the heavy responsibilities of leadership, satisfying himself and his public by making exquisite studies of character. Otis Skinner, heir to the traditions of Booth and Barrett, has abandoned tragedy and adopted the ephemeral drama of fantasy. David Warfield, talented, earnest, and interesting, reached his height some time ago and is "ready to decline." Wilton Lackaye,—intellectual, of exceptionally strong character, fine dramatic ability, and ample experience, though embit-

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tered by circumstances,—is capable of fine things and may do much. Goodwin, Crane, James O'Neill,—good actors, finely equipped, each proficient in his line,—are veterans now, each moving in an ever narrowing orbit of repetition. George Arliss is an exceptionally fine artist, a dramatic Meissonier,—as especially shown in his remarkably expert performance of *Sakuri,* in "The Darling of the Gods,"—but, seemingly, he lacks courage and the faculty of initiative. William Faversham, whose purposes are high, who has done much and acquired friends, capital, and influence, is perhaps destined to hold the sceptre. Who shall say?

It is perilous to prophesy, and my divination as to Power's future may prove to be idle. I remember, however, that at a time, about fifty-three years ago, when Jefferson was acting in New York, to small audiences, at the Winter Garden, as *Rip Van Winkle,* and attracting so little approval that his business representative, John Duff, could not always succeed in giving away tickets of admission to that performance, I ventured to assure my readers that Joseph

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"THE SANCTUARY," POWER'S HOME AT ISLE-AUX-NOIX,
PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, CANADA

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Jefferson was a great comedian and destined to a great career,—an assurance which, though received with derision, was entirely verified in time. I also remember having prophesied, when John McCullough was a young man, in Forrest's train, that he would win a foremost place among the best tragic actors of the age, and having lived to see the very men who scorned that prognostication eventually rallied around him to do him homage. These memories, and many others like to them, encourage me to believe that my forecast of the future is not wholly blind, and it seems to me that the most auspicious actor of the present day is Tyrone Power,—in whom are combined great dramatic talent, sensitive temperament, enthusiastic spirit, devoted love of acting, the knowledge that is gained by experience, a noble ambition, and rare personal qualifications for the stage. Throughout his career he has labored earnestly, making the best of every opportunity, holding fast by a worthy intellectual purpose and steadfastly striving to realize a lofty ideal. Each of the important

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performances that he has successively given has manifested increase in the faculty of self-control and in the command of artistic means—a continuous advance to that supreme dominance of the intellect over all the resources of emotion and all the implements of art which is essential to perfect acting. He has shown himself possessed of that finest of all the faculties of the human mind, imagination, and likewise he has manifested, in a charming way, that great saving, correcting, guiding attribute, a keen sense of humor. He is not yet forty-four years old, though he has been on the stage for more than twenty-seven years. As an actor his range of capability, briefly indicated, extends from *Christophero Sly,* in "The Taming of the Shrew," at one extreme, to *Sidney Carton,* in "The Only Way," at the other; from *Lord Steyne* to *Mr. Posket;* from *Caliban* to *Judas of Kerioth;* from *Lonawanda,* the Indian chieftain, to *Damiel,* the maddened monk; from *Lord Hategood* to *Robert Smith, the Drainman;* and from *Ingomar* to *Marcus Brutus.* Intuitive perception of character is a con-

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spicuous part of his mental equipment, and this has been sharpened by close observation and careful study. A generous mind, a kind heart, and the affability of manner which proceeds out of sympathy with others in the toils and troubles of life are among the amiable traits which have endeared him to those who know him well. His temperament is one of extreme sensibility, so that he is easily wounded, yet the shafts of misfortune and the pangs inseparable from disappointment have not embittered him, so fervent is his enthusiasm and so buoyant his spirit. He is like a trusting child, in his reliance on those who are near and dear to him, and at the same time he is capable of manly resolution amid difficulties and of stoical endurance when bent by misfortune. As is usual with persons naturally confiding, he supposes all other persons to be equally ingenuous, and his simplicity in this respect has been the principal cause of his mistakes in the conduct of life. Heedless amiability is a prominent attribute of his character, and accordingly he has had a liberal share of the experience which

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commonly befalls persons who are temperamentally improvident and always willing to accept the burnt end of the poker. Much as I esteem him as an actor, I value him more highly as a man. It has been my fortune, within the last twenty years, not only to observe and critically consider his acting, but frequently to enjoy his companionship in unprofessional conditions and in a wide variety of scenes,—in a long, tranquil ocean voyage; in the by-ways of old London; in rambles through the lovely, hallowed Shakespeare country; in places associated with the youth of the poet Byron; and in many a stroll through romantic Edinburgh, —and thus to perceive the operation of his mind and the manifestation of his feelings when he was aroused and affected by the varied influences of natural beauty and intellectual and poetical association: and I have been charmed by the spectacle of his simple delight, his genial emotion, his eager sympathy, his faculty not only of seeing but of comprehending beautiful and memorable things, and his abundant humor. To me he seems always to be at his best when

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he has forgotten the Theatre and everything connected with it, for when he is acting his thoughts are absorbed by stage affairs and nothing else appeals to him. He is a good sailor, a lover of sports, fond of yachting and fishing, and an enthusiast of the motor-boat. Power has been twice married, and his experience of domestic life has been fortunate and happy—aside from the bereavement recorded elsewhere in this memoir. His second wife,—who was Miss Emma Reaume, of Cincinnati,—is his beloved companion and helper now. He is popular with men, because engaging and companionable, and he is liked by women, because chivalric and gentle. Like the magnanimous *Othello,* he "is of a free and open nature" and can easily be led, but those who undertake to drive him encounter the obstinacy of the mule. As a whole his personality can rightly be described as impressive because of its agreeable singularity, winning because of its amiability, and charming because of its humorous eccentricity. Often when in his society I have been reminded of the lovable qualities of such

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actors as Edwin Adams and Joseph Jefferson.

Power's physical advantages for the Stage are extraordinary. His figure is massive and imposing. His face is large, with strongly marked features, and is expressive of acute sensibility. His eyes, dark and brilliant, are communicative equally of tenderness and fire. His eyebrows (distinctively the actor's feature) are black and heavy, and they almost meet—like those of the Wandering Jew, in representative ideal portraits of that mystical, lonely, wretched being. His voice is deep, strong, copious, and of a rarely melodious, resonant tone,—though somewhat monotonous, like the rumble of an organ, because of his habitual disuse of its upper register. In his demeanor there is a singular, engaging union of grace with shambling, eccentric negligence, but also there is repose and when occasion requires it,—as in his excellent performance of *Lord Steyne,*—there is courtly dignity. His gestures are broad and free, and he is one of those few fortunate actors who can raise the arms above the head without being awkward. Thus endowed and qualified

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MRS. TYRONE POWER

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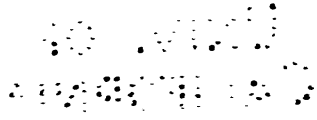

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for his profession, and animated by a noble ambition to act greatly in great plays, he has impressed me as standing fair for succession to the tragic crown. "The wheel has turned full circle." The hour has come round for which some of us have longed so earnestly and worked so hard, when the star of Shakespeare is once more in the ascendant, and the classic dramas of our language are hailed (as, when well acted, they always will be) with welcome and acclaim. Within the next two or three years the American public will see the most prominent English-speaking actors in the plays of Shakespeare, and foremost among them, I believe, will be Tyrone Power.

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PARTIAL REPERTORY OF TYRONE POWER.

Character.	Play.
Adam, ...	in "As You Like It."
Alec D'Urberville, .	"Tess of the D'Urbervilles."
André, ...	"The Pearl of Savoy."
Antonio, ...	"Much Ado About Nothing."
Apollyon, ...	"The Christian Pilgrim."
Arkissus, ...	"Adrea."
Banished Duke, . .	"As You Like It."
Baptista Minola, . .	"The Taming of the Shrew."
Baron von Wettingen,	"The Two Escutcheons."
Bassanio, ...	"The Merchant of Venice."
Beelzebub, . . .	"The Christian Pilgrim."
Brigard, ...	"Frou-Frou."
Brook Twombley, .	"The Cabinet Minister."
Brutus (*Marcus Brutus*),	"Julius Cæsar."
Caliban, ...	"The Tempest."
Cardinal Richelieu, .	"The King's Musketeer."
Charles Brandon, . .	"When Knighthood Was In Flower."
Christophero Sly, .	"The Taming of the Shrew."
Chrysos, ...	"Pygmalion and Galatea."
Corin, ...	"As You Like It."

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Counsellor von Kellar,	"Magda."
Crabtree, ...	"The School for Scandal."
Damiel, ...	"Thaïs."
De Mauprat, . . .	"Richelieu."
Dick, ...	"The Charity Ball."
Dr. Matthew Leigh, .	"Rosedale."
Dominie Sampson, .	"Meg Merrilies."
Dominie Sampson, .	"The Witch of Ellangowan."
Don Pedro, . . .	"Much Ado About Nothing."
Duke Frederick, . .	"As You Like It."
Duke of Milan, . .	"The Two Gentlemen of Verona."
Egeus, ...	"A Midsummer Night's Dream."
Fenton, ...	"The Merry Wives of Windsor."
Ghost of King Hamlet,	"Hamlet."
Giant Despair, . .	"The Christian Pilgrim."
Gibson, ...	"The Private Secretary."
(His first performance on any stage.)	
General Zouroff, . .	"The Red Lamp."
Holofernes, . . .	"Love's Labor's Lost."
Hon. Aces Poker, .	"The House on the Marsh."
Host, ...	"The Two Gentlemen of Verona."

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Host of the Garter, .	"The Merry Wives of Windsor."
Ingomar, ...	"Ingomar."
John Storm, . . .	"The Christian."
John van Buren, . .	"The Charity Ball."
Judas of Kerioth, . .	"Mary of Magdala."
King Duncan, . . .	"Macbeth."
King Louis the Eleventh,	"Gringoire."
Laertes, ...	"Hamlet."
Landry Barbeaud, .	"Fanchon."
Le Bret, ...	"Cyrano de Bergerac."
Lonawanda, . . .	"The Redskin."
Lord Hategood, . .	"The Christian Pilgrim."
Luke Marks, . . .	"Lady Audley's Secret."
Macduff, ...	"Macbeth."
Marquis of Steyne, .	"Becky Sharp."
Melville, ...	"Mary Stuart."
Michele, ...	"Little Italy."
Mr. Adams, . . .	"The Strength of the Weak."
Mr. Æneas Posket, .	"The Magistrate."
Mr. Birkett, . . .	"Betsy."
Mr. John Smith, . .	"The City Directory."
Mr. Moses, . . .	"The School for Scandal."
Mr. Moses Mossop, .	"The Last Word."

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Mister Robert Smith,	"The Servant in the House."
Nero, ...	"The Sign of the Cross."
Old Much, the Miller,	"The Foresters."
Oliver, ...	"As You Like It."
Paul Yerance, . .	"The Subtleties of Jealousy."
Perkin Middlewick, .	"Our Boys."
Petruchio, . . .	"The Taming of the Shrew."
Phineas Bouncer, .	"The Life of an Actress."
Prince Zabouroff, .	"Nadjezda."
Prince Zouroff, . .	"Moths."
Professor Rutherell, .	"The Last Word."
Quince, ...	"A Midsummer Night's Dream."
Ralph Dexter, . .	"The Transcoso Trail."
Ramon, ...	"Maria Rosa."
Recberg, ...	"The Transit of Leo."
Second Outlaw, . .	"The Two Gentlemen of Verona."
Sidney Carton, . .	"The Only Way."
Sir Francis Levison, .	"East Lynne."
Sir Oliver Surface, .	"The School for Scandal."
Svengali, ...	"Trilby."

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Trip, ...	"The School for Scandal."
Ulysses, ...	"Ulysses."
Vincentio, . . .	"The Taming of the Shrew."
William Plainleigh, .	"The Texan" (his own play).

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CHRONOLOGY OF THE PROFESSIONAL LIFE OF TYRONE POWER.

1886, November 29, Frederick Tyrone Power made his First Appearance on any stage,—acting *Gibson*, the Tailor, in "The Private Secretary," in Mr. Ralph Bell's Stock Company, at the Genovar Opera House, St. Augustine, Florida.

1887. At the New York Museum, in The Bowery, New York City, for one week.
On Tour with the Etha Rossband Company, E. L. Duane, Manager.

1887-'88. With the Kitty Rhoades Repertory Company, on Tour.

1888-'89, 1889-'90, 1890-'91 } With Mme. Fanny Janauschek on Tour, the United States and Canada, opening, in Montreal, P. Q., as *Dominie Sampson*, in "Guy Mannering."

1891—May. With Augustin Daly, opening in Philadelphia, as *Sir Oliver Surface*, in "The School for Scandal."

1891-'92, 1892-'93 } With Augustin Daly, New York and American Tours; London and Provincial Tours.

1893—June. First Starring Venture. Took the Princess' Theatre, London, and produced his play of "The Texan," acting *William Plainleigh*.

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Then acted with Herbert Beerbohm-Tree on Provincial Tour; appeared before Queen Victoria, at Balmoral, acting *General Zouroff*, in "The Red Lamp."

1893-'94
1894-'95
1895-'96
} With Augustin Daly, in America.

1895—Summer. Acted with Joseph Haworth, on Tour.

1896—April. Joined T. Daniel Frawley's San Francisco Stock Company, and acted in California, along the Pacific Slope, and in Sandwich Islands (Honolulu).

1896 (October)-'97. Rejoined Augustin Daly's Company, in Washington, D. C.

1897-'98. With Augustin Daly's Company,—opening at the Memorial Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, as *Duke Frederick*, in "As You Like It," on August 27, 1897.

1898-'99. Opened season with Augustin Daly, in Philadelphia, as *Le Bret*, in "Cyrano de Bergerac," October 3, 1898. Left Daly's Company, in Boston, in November. Joined Mrs. Fiske's Company, and finished season with her.

1899-1900. Opened season with Mrs. Fiske. Appeared at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, as *Marquis of Steyne*, in "Becky Sharp," on September 12, 1899. Left Mrs. Fiske's Company on November 16, and, accompanied by his wife, Edith Crane, went to San Francisco, and thence to Australia.

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1900-'01 } Acted as co-star with his wife, in Australia,
1901-'02 } New Zealand, etc., under management of J. C. Williamson, in varied repertory.

1902—June to July 19. Acted at the London Lyceum with Henry Irving, playing *Bassanio*, in "The Merchant of Venice," to Irving's *Shylock* and Ellen Terry's *Portia*.

1902-'03—October 23. "Mary of Magdala" was produced, for the first time, at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and he played *Judas of Kerioth*.

November 19. Played *Judas* for the first time in New York, at the Manhattan Theatre (Thirty-third Street and Sixth Avenue).

1903-'04. Starring Tour, under management of Charles Frohman, in Stephen Phillips's "Ulysses,"—opening at the Garden Theatre, New York, September 14, 1903.

1904—May 16. Began an engagement with Miss Julia Marlowe, at the Empire Theatre, acting *Ingomar*, in the play of that name: during that engagement (which was continued in early Fall) also acted *Charles Brandon*, in "When Knighthood Was In Flower."

December 26. Appeared, under management of David Belasco, in association with Mrs. Leslie Carter, acting *Arkissus of Arcady*, in "Adrea." The first performance of "Adrea" was given in a "theatre" built for the purpose over a market, in Washington, D. C. That extraordinary pro-

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ceeding was due to the persecution of David Belasco by the Theatrical Syndicate.

1905—January 11. First time as *Arkissus* in New York.

Fall. Acted, on Tour, under management of Converse & Braden, as *Ralph Dexter*, in "The Transcoso Trail."

1906—March 1. Appeared, under management of William A. Brady, as *Lonawanda*, in "The Redskin," at the Liberty Theatre, New York.

April 17. Acted, at the Liberty Theatre, New York, with Miss Florence Roberts, in "The Strength of the Weak,"—playing *Mr. Adams*.

1907. With Henrietta Crosman, playing four parts in "The Christian Pilgrim,"—opening in New York, at the Liberty Theatre, on November 11.

1908—March 2. First performance as *Mr. Robert Smith, the Drainman*, in "The Servant in the House," at the Academy of Music, Baltimore.

1908-'09 / 1909-'10 } March 23 (afternoon). First performance of "The Servant in the House" in New York, at the Savoy Theatre.

1911—February. First performance of "Thaïs," at Springfield, Massachusetts, in which, under management of Joseph M. Gaites, he acted as *Daniel*.

March 14. First performance of "Thaïs" in New York, at the Criterion Theatre.

December. "Thaïs" company disbanded.

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1912—January to April. Starring Tour, under management of Mr. Gaites, in "The Servant in the House."

October 7. Acted, for the first time, *Marcus Brutus*, in Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar," produced by William Faversham, at the Alexandra Theatre, Toronto, Canada,—Mr. Faversham playing *Marc Antony* and Mr. Frank Keenan *Cassius*.

November 4. Acted *Brutus* for the first time in New York, at the Lyric Theatre.

1913—January 2. At Newark, N. J., acted *Brutus* for the last time with the Faversham Company, from which he then retired.

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EDITH CRANE.

From "The New York Press," January 4, 1912.

Edith Crane, the actress, in private life Mrs. Tyrone Power, died yesterday in the private sanatorium at No. 356 West End Avenue, having failed to rally from a severe surgical operation performed on last Sunday. In her death the Stage loses an ambitious, earnest, accomplished actress and Society loses a good, lovable woman, of sweet and gentle nature,—an ornament to domestic life and dear to many friends. As an actress Edith Crane was notable for interesting individuality, fine intuition, and distinguished talent. Her natural advantages for the dramatic vocation were exceptional. Her figure was tall and commanding, her carriage graceful, and her countenance handsome. She had beautiful golden hair and her light blue eyes were singularly expressive. In general aspect she resembled Ellen Terry. She pos-

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sessed a strong sense of humor, tempered by kindness. She was remarkable also for her gracious demeanor toward all persons with whom she came in contact. Her home life was happy and she made happiness for those around her.

Edith Crane's professional novitiate was served in the brilliant company organized by Augustin Daly,—a company which comprised, among other actors, Charles Wheatleigh, Henry Edwards, George Clarke, Charles Leclerq, John Drew, Ada Rehan, Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, and Adelaide Prince. She made her first appearance in that company, acting *Maria,* in "The School for Scandal," on January 20, 1891, and she remained associated with it for three years, acting many parts, among them *Celia,* in "As You Like It"; the *Hon. Mrs. Daylester,* in "The Cabinet Minister"; *Bianca,* in "The Taming of the Shrew," and *Oriana Dangery,* in "Nancy & Co." Thereafter she was for a short time a member of the old Lyceum Theatre company in New York. She acted, with great success, *Trilby,* in the theatrical synopsis made from Du Maurier's novel of that

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name, travelling throughout the United States and also in Australia.

She was professionally associated with Maurice Barrymore in "Roaring Dick & Company," in 1897-'98 and with Sol Smith Russell in "A Bachelor's Romance" in 1898-'99. She achieved one of the most distinguished successes of her career as *Miladi,* in Edward H. Sothern's production of "The Three Musketeers." Thereafter, having been married to Tyrone Power (in New York City, in 1898), she made a starring tour in association with that admirable actor under the direction of W. C. Williamson, appearing in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," "The Three Musketeers," "The Taming of the Shrew," "Nadjezda," and many other plays. Mrs. Power and her husband then went to London. In 1903 she was associated with Henrietta Crosman in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," and in 1904-'05 with Mrs. Leslie Carter, in "Adrea." Her last professional appearance was made as *Auntie,* in "The Servant in the House," a part beneath her ability, which she assumed for the purpose of remaining pro-

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fessionally associated with Mr. Power, who appeared as *Robert Smith, the Drainman,* and carried that singular preachment to success.

Miss Crane had given much study and thought to the character of *Lady Macbeth,* and negotiations were in progress looking to her appearance in that part and in others of like importance in association with her husband. There was every reason to believe that their venture would have been equally advantageous to the public and honorable to themselves. "She should have died hereafter."

Since this memoir was written Power has left Faversham's production of "Julius Cæsar," that manager alleging that the actor's withdrawal was caused by "jealousy,"—an injurious imputation, which Power has repelled in the following letter, published January 22:

"The Lambs' Club,
"New York, *January* 15, 1913.

"To the Editor of 'THE DRAMATIC MIRROR': Sir:

"I have read, with surprise and pain,—because of the maliciously misleading remark quoted in it,—the article in

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your issue of to-day, entitled 'Frank Keenan's Face.' I have not seen the interview which you mention as having been vouchsafed by Mr. William Faversham, to a Baltimore newspaper, and so cannot comment on it. But the remark by Mr. Faversham, 'explanatory' of my withdrawal from his 'All Star Julius Cæsar' Company,—the remark that 'Power was a victim of jealousy and was annoyed because he had failed to make the hit he had expected to make in the part,'—is a wanton and unqualified falsehood.

"The publication of details of business disagreements which arise between actors and managers is something I deplore, but when I find myself accused by a prominent manager of the most contemptible and petty of feelings I think that I may, without impropriety, briefly defend myself.

"The real reason that I am no longer playing *Brutus* with Mr. Faversham is well known to him. After the conditions in his company had become such as to render it impossible for me properly to perform my professional duties (in which uncomfortable situation I received earnest expressions of Mr. Faversham's sympathy and reiterated promises of relief) I was, personally, so grossly insulted that no self-respecting course was left open to me but to withdraw, the instant I could properly do so, from all association with Mr. Faversham and his theatrical company.

"I am old-fashioned enough to believe what Mr. Faversham appears not to consider—that an actor should always remain a gentleman and that no salary is large enough to compensate for loss of self-respect.

"I do not desire to enter a controversy with Messrs. Faversham and Keenan. *My* business is not to talk but

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to act, as well as my poor faculties enable me, and to that business, as far as possible, I desire to devote myself.

"Any question as to whether or not I had even the slightest reason to be dissatisfied with the reception so generously given to my performance of *Brutus*, by both press and public, must be decided by others,—those who are familiar with the subject and my humble efforts.

"I hope you will find space in your columns for this communication, and, thanking you for the kindness of the tone of your references to me,

"I am,

"Very sincerely yours,

"TYRONE POWER."

Dissensions of the kind indicated as having arisen between Power and Faversham seem inevitable in theatrical life: they certainly are frequent, and they are always deplorable. Mention of this one is here necessary, as part of the record of the actor's career. Meanwhile, as this book goes to press the announcement is made that Power will soon appear at the head of his own dramatic company, presenting a new production of "Julius Cæsar" and continuing to impersonate *Brutus*. This courageous venture should prove a long step toward verification of the prophecy I have ventured to make as to the future achievement of this actor, and the news of his advancement is not the less welcome that it comes sooner than was expected.

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